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PATIENCE  
IN  
TRIBULATION.



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# PATIENCE IN TRIBULATION:

## A Memorial Sketch

OF

JESSIE \_\_\_\_\_

WITH

A RECOMMENDATORY NOTE

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS GILLIES, A.M.

MINISTER OF FREE ST STEPHEN'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

"Increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened  
with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all  
PATIENCE and LONG-SUFFERING with JOYFULNESS."

COLOSSIANS i. 10, 11.

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## RECOMMENDATORY NOTE

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS GILLIES, A.M.

MINISTER OF FREE ST STEPHEN'S, EDINBURGH.

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It really seems to be a superfluity for any one to make many remarks, by way either of introduction or of recommendation, to the interesting narrative which follows. The artless simplicity, and the transparent truthfulness, of the record are so palpable, that they require no corroboration. The touching pathos of the story is so impressive as to admit of no deepening.

Had the case been otherwise, all who witnessed the incidents and the experience which are depicted in these pages, could vouch for the almost excessive sensitiveness shewn by the compiler, lest anything should be stated too favourably, or coloured too brightly, by the affection of a fond and bereaved parent. I know



how she has felt it to be a matter of conscience, in handling such a solemn matter as the dealings of Jehovah the Holy Ghost with the soul of her beloved child, to understate rather than to exaggerate.

I may be allowed, upon solicitation, to say that I enjoyed long and familiar converse with the subject of this sketch, both as a friend, as her religious instructor, and as her pastor. I had the greatest satisfaction in our whole intercourse, and delighted to watch the growth of her Christian character.

When at last it pleased God, in His sovereign and mysterious, but wise and good providence, to smite her heavily in the very opening of her days and budding of her prospects, and to confine her to a bed of severe distress and protracted languishing, it was at once pleasing and profitable to stand still and behold the salvation which the Lord wrought out within her deeply exercised soul.

Well may it strengthen and encourage us all, and more especially the tender, the timid, and the shrinking of her own sex and age, to see that even where affliction so greatly abounded the consolations of God in Christ and by the Spirit did much more abound. It was, indeed, most cheering to see how "the God of Patience" made her "to possess her soul in patience," and at length made "patience to have its perfect work"

under her peculiarly trying circumstances. Perhaps, "Patience in Tribulation" was her great characteristic. It was encouraging also to behold "the God of Hope" filling her soul with peace and joy *in believing upon* Christ; and in precise proportion as she was brought to rest and rejoice on His bosom, she found and testified again and again that the "consolations of God" are neither "few nor small," and far more than enough to sustain and cheer the soul in her conflict with the "King of Terrors." Her faith at last made her more than a conqueror through Him who loved and upheld her, and who filled her with "everlasting consolation and good hope through grace."

It is but right, however, to say that I am persuaded, that if she were once more allowed to speak, it would be to testify to us all, as she often admitted to myself, that if her reliance upon Jesus and His "finished work" and His free grace for salvation had been, from the first, and all along, more simple, more constant, and more confiding, her peace of conscience—yes, and her purity of soul and her hope of glory—would all have been correspondingly greater. Blessed be God, she died in the peace and joy of assured faith! But it would have been well for her soul, and more honouring to her Saviour, had she all along felt and expressed

that unfaltering confidence in the fulness and freeness and immediateness of His salvation, which she did towards her end, and which so irradiated the closing scene. All the comfort she had was that of faith; living upon Jesus as the "Consolation of Israel;" and "according to her faith" would have been her grace and peace, her gladness and usefulness. May we all learn this great lesson; and may the Lord "increase our faith" tenfold, and so augment all our other graces and comforts, for *it* is the tap-root.

I scarcely expect to see a brighter exemplification of the "Patience of the Saints," which is just the "Patience of Jesus" (Rev. i. 9). We beheld God strengthening her timorous and shrinking spirit "with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness" (Col. i. 11). We desire to give thanks unto the Father which thus made her meet to be "a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light" (verse 12). May He give to all the bereaved relatives, and to all who peruse this memorial, grace that "they may be followers of those who through faith and patience are inheriting the promises."

There is one thing that I wish to add. Prevented, as I, her stated minister, was, by various causes, from holding that full and frank *conversation* with the en-

feebled sufferer about the things that pertained to her own personal peace in Christ, I feel it to have been a kind arrangement of Providence, and a high satisfaction to myself, that I was allowed to introduce the interesting invalid to an esteemed brother in the gospel (Rev. Mr Ross of Aberdour), who so kindly and skilfully ministered to her, and far more than made up for any lack of service upon my part. *This* was to be a *brother* indeed, and a succourer of souls precious in the Lord. I have no doubt but that he feels that his labour of love has been amply recompensed, not only by the gratitude of her to whom he so kindly ministered, but by the blessing of that sympathising Head of Christ mystical, who will not allow even a cup of cold water to be given to the least of His little ones, without repaying it by His smile and reward. It is but right, and I feel it pleasant, to make this acknowledgment.

And now, commending these sketches to the blessing of that God and Saviour, of whose rich mercy, and grace, and power it has been drawn up as a memorial, I end with recommending it most earnestly and confidently to the *prayerful* perusal of God's children, and especially to the young of her own sex. To them pre-eminently, this loving and departed sister says, like the little captive Syrian maid, "Oh! would God

that they were all with the Prophet of the Lord (with Jesus), for then *He* would recover them of their leprosy" (2 Kings v. 3).

FRANCIS GILLIES,  
*Minister of Free St Stephen's.*

EDINBURGH, *November* 1858.

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## CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Reasons for Writing—Sketch of Early Life—Nature of her Disease—Religious Impressions—Attendance on Classes for Religious Instruction—Joins the Church—Preservation of Mental Faculties.

THE following pages contain the record of the death-bed experience of one who was called to relinquish life's pleasures at a time when they were at their highest relish. She had just put the cup of happiness to her lips when, ere she had time to find the gall and bitterness which it contains, it was dashed from her. Peculiar suffering and peculiar privations were allotted to her by her heavenly Father, but the gold which the dross had concealed came forth as the heat of the furnace acted upon it, until at last her Saviour's image was brilliantly reflected from it. To a parent the loss of such a child, at a time of life so interesting, and possessed of gifts so attractive, must ever be a heavy bereavement; and the compiler of the following pages has feared lest a mother's too partial love may have supposed her little



history to possess an interest for others which it will not awaken.

The narrative, however, was not drawn up until several clergymen, and others, who had seen much of the subject of it, urged its preparation ; and now that it has been done, it is offered in all humility as a record of that Divine Grace which took a beloved daughter "from the horrible pit and the miry clay, set her feet upon a rock, and established her goings." As nothing was further from the thoughts of her friends during her last illness than the publication of any memoir, no notes of any conversation were taken during life, and the narrative has therefore all the disadvantage of being drawn up from imperfect recollection after death.

There was nothing in Jessie —— to distinguish her from many of her companions. Heedless, thoughtless, and self-willed, and, up to the commencement of her seizure, occupied with the pleasures of this life, God gradually, by a strange and unusual illness, separated her from the world in which she had lived, and prepared her for that where her home was to be.

In the vigour of youth and flush of health she looked on death as all in her circumstances must do, regarding him as the King of Terrors ; but as the Spirit of God wrought in her, and old things passed away, she came to view him with less alarm, and even to anticipate his approach with joy ; so that when at last he laid his icy hand upon her, he appeared but as the messenger to conduct her into the presence of Him whom her soul loved.

A tumour forming in her brain, by its pressure on the organs of motion and sense, slowly but surely accomplished its deadly mission; the limbs which had bounded joyfully in the sports of youth, or borne her by the grassy slopes, and along the river side, gradually lost their power of motion—then the eyes that had gazed delightedly on the face of nature, and drank in enjoyment from the beautiful world around her, ceased to discharge their office. Her taste, too, became impaired, so that eventually the little preparations of the sick chamber, calculated so often to please the palate and soothe the weary invalid, became to her indifferent. But, as her bodily strength decayed her spiritual energy increased; as her eyes became more and more dim to the things of time, they became more and more clear for those of eternity. She murmured not, nor repined at her lot; she felt that her Saviour was dealing with her in love, and with a gentleness and patience which were not hers by nature, she submitted with entire acquiescence to the will of her heavenly Father. “It is appointed to all men once to die;”—from the universal sentence there is no escape, but to die in peace is given but to few. Age does not give this power, nor weariness with the world; neither does disgust with its incessant strife, nor satiety with its empty pleasures; nor even mature experience in the Christian life. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God can perfect praise, and those who would pass without alarm through the swellings of Jordan must learn, like Jessie, to lean on the rod and staff of the Great Shepherd.

From the time she was seven years old, Jessie's education was carried on, along with her sisters', at one of the principal schools for young ladies in Edinburgh. At it she made very good progress, each year carrying off several of the highest prizes ; in her case, however, this was the result of quickness of intellect rather than studious application. Subsequently, she was equally distinguished as a pupil at another school to which she was removed as she grew older. When about fifteen years of age, an unaccountable lassitude seemed to come over her, and although she still maintained her place in her classes, and continued a great favourite with her masters and school companions, her lessons were not prepared at home with the same pleasant alacrity as formerly, and occasionally she seemed almost morose. I saw nothing in the state of her health at the time to account for such a change ; but after her illness came on, she told me that for a year or two at that period, she often had such a feeling of dissatisfaction and discomfort, as she could scarcely describe, but she never mentioned it to any one. Her medical attendants have expressed their opinion, both before and since her death, that these feelings had arisen from her complaint having then begun to develope itself, though the symptoms were not sufficiently marked to attract attention, and were indeed scarcely noticed by any human eye, and were even almost disregarded by herself.

Nothing particular manifested itself regarding her religious feelings in her early life, excepting an awakening

that occurred when she was about thirteen years old, and which it is unnecessary to dwell upon here, as it is noticed in the succeeding chapter. She was always punctual in her private devotions, and there was a propriety and reverence in her observance of sacred ordinances that could not fail to be remarked. She attended the religious instruction classes of her minister, the Rev. Mr Gillies of Free St Stephen's, for some years before becoming a member of the Church. From him I have since learned that he felt very hopeful regarding her about the time she became a communicant, from her attention to his instructions, and the interest she shewed in the subjects of his class. She was naturally very reserved, and never expressed her feelings freely to him, but after becoming a communicant she continued her attendance upon his classes until her health gave way. She was in the habit at the period referred to, of reading to, and spending a good deal of time with an invalid friend, who took much interest in her spiritual welfare, and who informs me, that from an account which Jessie once gave her of a sermon of Mr Gillies's, she felt sure, that she not only knew the truth, but must in some measure have felt its power. Still no one could say that a saving change had passed upon her then. The knowledge of the truth was there, and when the heavenly torch was applied, how blessed was the result! Instead of the mind becoming a wreck, obscured by the disease as it sapped the powers of her bodily frame, God graciously preserved her mental faculties, and by His own Spirit purified

and illumined her soul, making it at last meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again,  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## CHAPTER II.

First Indications of Disease—Acuteness of Intellect—Alarming Symptoms—Failure of Sight—First Thoughts of Death—Difficulty of Realising his Approach—Truthfulness—Assurance.

IN the summer of 1855, when Jessie was in her twentieth year, the first indications of that disease, which shortly afterwards laid her upon a couch of hopeless suffering, began to manifest themselves. At first, however, the symptoms were more those of general debility than of actual disease, and change of air and sea-bathing were recommended as a means of bracing her system, which led us to spend two months at Aberdour, from whence she returned to Edinburgh, without any material improvement; but so insidious were the first symptoms of her mysterious disease, that it was not until the beginning of 1856 that, though anxiously watching, we saw any ground for serious alarm. Then, however, she began to complain of dimness of sight, but upon being questioned about it, she said that she had felt it for some time in reading, but ascribed it to small print or some casual reason. There was also an unsteady feebleness about her step, and an inability to direct her movements, which we attributed to a languid state of health, but we afterwards learned it was caused by the

increase of the disease in her head. She complained very little, and the only difference which we remarked in her was a subdued gentleness in her demeanour, and that she preferred rather to sit with me than to join her sisters in going out of doors. Our family physician, who had long watched her case with anxiety, told us candidly that some of her symptoms were of a serious nature, and that there was pressure on the brain to a certain extent, which caused imperfect vision; still he hoped she might overcome all her ailments. Certainly her appearance did not lead us to apprehend danger: her countenance wore the flush of health, while her mind was firm and clear. Although extremely youthful-looking, there was a maturity of thought about her that one scarcely would have expected from her simple manners and juvenile appearance. She was naturally of an imaginative turn of mind, and passionately fond of poetry, of which she wrote a good deal, after leaving school, for her own amusement. A dear friend, Mrs —, in whose society she spent many happy hours, and to whom she opened her mind unreservedly, has told me since her death, that she was often greatly amused and surprised at her powers of invention and imagination — indicating a knowledge of human life, and a depth and clearness of thought and observation, not usual at her age, and apparently at variance with her former volatile disposition.

The Rev. Mr Robertson of St Bernard's, who kindly visited her during her illness, and who saw her for the first time shortly before it came on, notices, in some notes

of remembrances of her with which he has obligingly furnished me, that he was much struck with a remark he heard her make, displaying a depth of thought he would not have expected in one apparently so young. He adds—"On looking at her with some surprise, I noted that play of sweet intelligence which marked her expression to the end."

Towards the middle of March it was proposed that she should pay a visit to some friends in the country, and she accordingly spent several weeks there. Her health did not improve however, and upon two of her sisters joining her shortly after she went, they saw a change for the worse. When her doctor was told of it, he visited her professionally, and was very far from being satisfied with her state. She also expressed herself despondingly to him. One of her sisters, who was with her during this visit, remarked a seriousness of spirit about her, and was made aware of a conviction in her mind that her illness had been sent to make her think more about her soul's interests. One Sabbath evening, she spoke to her very seriously about the duty of spending that sacred day well.

On her return to Edinburgh about the end of April, we could not conceal from ourselves that her ailments were greatly aggravated. She told me, several months afterwards, that when driving away from the house of her kind uncle, she had a secret conviction she would never be there again, and she felt as if he thought so likewise. Immediately upon her return, her physician expressed great anxiety about her, and it was resolved to consult



Professor Simpson, and his opinion very much increased our fears. Still there seemed to her family to be so many grounds for hope, in her youth and good constitution, that although sad thoughts regarding her would flit across our minds like a dark shadow, we scarcely admitted their existence to each other for some time. She did not express alarm about herself, but there was a melancholy look of helplessness about her that was very touching, and that seems to have been remarked by others. Mr Robertson notices, that on the day the first consultation took place, he happened to spend the evening with us, and was much interested in her appearance : he remarks, "I remember the evening in your family circle well : we talked of Captain H. Vicars' Memoir, in which she had been deeply interested. When she spoke, once or twice, sitting with her hand clasped in her father's, I recollect looking at her with a feeling of saddened interest for which I could not well account. Her sight had begun to fail, and in her whole air and look the shadow of far-off things seemed already to rest."

Her medical attendant, who had been intimate with her from her childhood, and to whom she was much attached, has since informed me, that soon after the consultation with Professor Simpson, she sought from him a candid opinion of her case. The conversation was led on to the possibility of a fatal result. She seemed at first much struck, and told him she was not prepared to die, and appeared very anxious and dispirited.

She was subjected to much painful treatment at this stage of her illness, but she bore it all without a murmur; and when her physician expressed his regret at being obliged to use severe remedies, she would smile sweetly, and tell him she knew he would not resort to them unnecessarily. On the last Sabbath of May, Dr —, who had previously avoided giving a decided opinion of her case (although admitting all along the great anxiety he felt as to its issue), told me that he was becoming much more alarmed about her, and that, from the nature of her complaints, it was not improbable that her mind might ere long be obscured, and that it would be well now to be leading her thoughts to sacred things. After my usual morning reading with her that day, I took up a "Memoir of Lieutenant A—," who fell in the Crimea, and read it to her. She appeared much interested, and, in talking about it, I remarked that the spirit which he cherished before going into action was just what she ought to seek to possess. I went on to say, that, although we hoped she might overcome her complaints, yet no one could tell her how her illness might end. She heard all I said with great composure, but did not make any remark that I can now recall, and she certainly did not express her own hopes or feelings as to the probability of recovery. She seemed greatly to enjoy Mr Gillies' frequent visits; he usually gave her a short address from a verse of Scripture and a prayer. The pleasure she seemed to derive from ministers' visits, also in the reading of hymns and other religious books, led us to hope that she was really

seeking to rest all on Jesus, and that she was aware her time upon earth might be very short. When we offered to read to her merely secular books or newspapers, she always declined our offer, which, contrasted with the keen interest she used to evince in such occupations, evidently shewed that the world was losing its hold over her. For three years she had been very reserved with me on religious subjects. She always listened attentively to anything that was said to her regarding religion, and evidently had a great reverence for sacred things. But although I believed she knew the truth, I could not be at all sure then that she felt its saving power. I may here mention, as it will bear upon a part of her after experience, that when not quite thirteen, she said to me one day when I was sitting alone with her, "that she had something she wished very much to tell me, and she had long wished it." After an apparent and very considerable effort, she said decidedly, "I wish to be a Christian!" She was at that period such a lively, heedless child, that I felt a good deal surprised, and was strongly inclined to look upon it as the beginning of the work of grace in her soul. She told me that she always felt so happy on Sundays, and liked very much the time in the evening that was spent with them all together in religious exercises. After some months, these feelings seemed to disappear, and she became reserved, although, as the sequel will shew, I do not think that she ever afterwards was without occasional and very solemn thoughts on the subject.

As summer passed on, her health continued to decline, the worst symptoms becoming more and more marked, until she was a confirmed invalid, unable to walk without assistance, or to do anything for herself. She bore all her privations very patiently ; her chief pleasure seemed to be found in the visits of clergymen, and in having hymns read to her. Her last attempt to read was an effort to make out the verse in her daily text book, but her sight was so far gone that she could not accomplish it. Referring some months afterwards to her state of mind at this period, she told one of her sisters that she felt more really happy than she had done for some time previously, and an inward gladness that her invalid state would now prevent her sharing in pleasures for which she might have acquired too great a relish, and that she could give her mind more to heavenly things. She seemed even then to dwell on the love of Christ, preferring those parts of the Bible that told of His love. Still she did not then realise an interest in her Saviour, nor was His word so precious to her as it afterwards became. We thought she was aware that death might ere long be the result of her illness, but it was not so ; she had anticipated a long time of bad health, perhaps for years. The thoughts of death, she afterwards told us, sometimes crossed her mind, and she even expressed it in different ways, but had never realised it. On hearing one day of a cousin being in an anxious state of health, she said, "If she is prepared to die, one need not mourn for her," adding, "that it was a happy thing to die young, and had been

her own wish." One day when talking to a sister, of worldly gaities, she said, "These pleasures will not do always." That regard to truth which had always been a marked feature of her character, was shewn in a circumstance that occurred upon the occasion of a visit from Mr Robertson. He asked her "if she had any fears?" Jessie replied, "No." This answer caused her afterwards deep distress; she said, "It was not strictly true, as she had occasional doubts and fears, and Mr Robertson would think far too favourably of her." This fear of being too well thought of clung to her during her whole illness, and prevented her, I feel confident, from expressing herself so freely as she otherwise would have done.

The death of a young friend at this time affected her much; her anxiety to hear if she were aware she was dying, and all particulars regarding her state of mind, was very great. She spoke much of the error of concealment in such cases, adding, "Mamma has promised to tell me all that the doctors say of me, and I am so thankful." Upon hearing the wind blowing high one day soon after ——'s death, she looked sad, and said, "I am thinking how the wind will be sighing round poor ——'s grave," and added, "that's a chilling thought." Her sister remembers that, in about a year afterwards, she loved to hear the same wind, and said, "I think it will soon sigh round my grave—I'll not be there, but in heaven I hope." About this period she had a long conversation with Dr —— on religious subjects. He pointedly asked her if she felt sure of her interest in Christ. She

confessed that she did not at all times, although she occasionally did. He pressed on her attention the grounds of assurance; these she dwelt on separately and distinctly, which seemed to clear away many of her doubts. He sent her next day a copy of Ryle's little work upon "Assurance," also, "Come to Jesus." The latter became a particular favourite with her.

On a subsequent occasion this conversation was renewed, Ryle's book being the subject, when she expressed herself as much more satisfied that her hopes were resting on the only sure foundation.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water,—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
'Till travelling days are done.

## CHAPTER III.

Unfavourable Symptoms Increase—Summer at Aberdour—Thoughts of Death Entertained but not Realised—Fulness and Sufficiency of the Gospel—Dread of Open Profession—Rebellious Thoughts—How Subdued—Record of Early Religious Impressions—Finding the Sure Foundation—Patience in Tribulation—Clinging to Life—Concern for Others.

IN the beginning of July 1856, another consultation was held with Professor Simpson, the result of which all but extinguished our hopes of Jessie's recovery, but as change of air was proposed, we trusted that it might prove of more service than it had formerly done, and I did not feel warranted in saying more to her than that the Doctors thought her worse, but that they would soon be able to judge whether a change of air might do what everything else had failed to accomplish. The same day she said to her sisters that "she knew by our voices (she was then nearly quite blind) that the Doctors thought her worse," adding, "I suppose they can do no more for me." This remark, coupled with some expressions of doubt as to whether she would ever return home in life, confirmed us in the belief that she was fully aware of her danger, but we soon found that although the thought had passed through her mind,

it had never been realised. She told one of her sisters, about this time, that the last verses she had written were upon death,\* and added, "I wonder if it is prophetic."

She left home for Aberdour on the 5th July 1856. She said little, but appeared sad, and somewhat agitated upon bidding adieu to her friends. She was reluctant also to lose the frequent visits of her Doctor, to whom she was warmly attached. She could distinguish none of the objects which came in sight as we neared the coast, but no regrets were heard from her; and in the evening, when we had all gone to different avocations, excepting one of her sisters who remained with her, she said, "Come, ——, and read some hymns to me," never once regretting her inability to join her other sisters in their rambles by the sea-shore, which the year before she had enjoyed with almost childish delight, and for the beauties of which her taste for scenery gave her so keen a relish. For more than a week she suffered severely from the effects of the journey, never passing a night without an attack of retching—a symptom which had long been very distressing, it so greatly increased the pain in her head, which, to a certain extent, she was never free from. Then a slight improvement took place, and she began to relish a little food.

One morning she spoke to me of what she would do when we went home, *if she recovered*. This was the first time she had ever spoken hopefully

\* See page 46.



of herself. The same evening she had a visit from her Doctor, and before leaving, he told me that, for some time, he had been hoping almost against hope, but now he saw such a marked change for the worse in the most fatal symptoms of her case, that his worst fears regarding her were quite confirmed, and he had no hope of her recovery. I told him of the remarks she had made to me about getting better, when he said it was wrong to keep her in ignorance of the truth, as we could have no security for her mind continuing unaffected. We were all of one opinion that our dear sufferer should be made aware of the sad reality, but it was two days after I knew it, before I felt that an opportunity was given me of breaking it to her. When I did so, as gently as I could, she asked me eagerly "if that was Dr ——'s opinion?" I said, "It was." She became much agitated, and said, "Am I dying?" then expressed great fear. I said to her that she had nothing to fear if she were seeking to rest all upon Jesus, as I believed she had been doing, to which she replied, "that she might have been wishing to do so, but did not feel that she had an interest in her Saviour," and feared she was not prepared to die. She then expressed a wish to see her minister, Mr Gillies, adding, "I could speak to him now," which from the effort required to make herself be heard, she had not done before leaving Edinburgh. This cause, coupled with her natural reserve, prevented her from ever opening her mind to him in that unrestrained conversation, which, from the frequency of his visits, and the pleasure she derived

from them, I am quite sure she otherwise would have done. I told her I did not think he could leave Edinburgh at that time, but that I felt assured Mr Ross (to whom Mr Gillies had written a few particulars about her, and who had twice visited her with much acceptance), would do all he could to help and to comfort her. She seemed satisfied on this point, and after doing what I could to comfort her, and to point her mind to texts, which almost seemed given me for this trying time, she became much more calm. Throughout the day, however, there was an air of sadness about her; she spoke to all her sisters of her hopeless state of health, and in the evening she said to her sister —— with much emotion, “she had no wish to recover if she only knew she were a Christian.” We all felt deeply concerned about her state at this time, having really believed that she had been aware of her danger. I communicated to Mr Ross what had passed between Jessie and myself, when I had made her aware of the Doctor’s opinion, thinking he could the more easily deal with her state of mind. He entered into her case with a degree of interest which ceased only with her life, and for which all her friends will ever feel most grateful. One remark he made during our conversation, I must not omit. After hearing of her agitation and anxiety of mind, he said, “Well, I would much rather see a soul casting about in that way for its anchor, than just quietly expressing resignation to God’s will.” Upon Jessie’s being told, long afterwards, of my visit to Mr Ross, and of his remark, she said to her sister, “Repeat

## 20 FREENESS AND SUFFICIENCY OF THE GOSPEL.

that again to me ;” then added, “ It is very good, and I feel it to be quite true.”

Mr Ross’s visits were very frequent, and she came to prize them so much, that although generally able at that time to be wheeled out in a Bath chair every favourable day, nothing would induce her to go about the hour he was expected. The first time he saw her after she was really awakened about her soul’s safety, he urged her to look away entirely from her own frames and feelings, and to rely simply upon Jesus; adding, with much emphasis, “ If a soul is willing to renounce every other ground of confidence but Christ alone, and is seeking to rest its whole weight upon Him for salvation, even should that soul never attain to full assurance, it will be saved.” This remark, which he accompanied by quoting texts of Scripture proving the freeness and sufficiency of the gospel offer, came back upon her frequently afterwards, in seasons of doubt or depression, with a soothing power. She was so very reserved at this time, that Mr Ross remarks, in his remembrances of her, that he found her somewhat shy, and felt that he must endeavour to gain her confidence and affection, before he could hope to be of much use to her. He states “that his sympathies were much drawn out towards her from the circumstances of her case, and from her youthful and interesting appearance, and that he could not have discovered that her dark, intelligent eyes were all but impervious to the light.” A close look at her, however, he adds, “as she lay upon her couch, did reveal traces of suffering on

her placid features." As he entered more fully with her upon the leading doctrines of the gospel, and the love of Christ to sinners, he would sometimes, in the hope of drawing a response from her, gently hint the query, "Whether she had felt the love of Christ, and was relying on His merit as the only ground of acceptance with God?" On these occasions she remained silent, or replied, with much feeling, "that she wished she could say He was thus precious to her." Mr Ross was encouraged, however, by observing the deep interest with which she listened to what he said during his visits; and he goes on to state that soon her whole manner gave him the impression of one who was under deep concern about her soul, but that, although he soon discovered that she had an intelligent acquaintance with the leading doctrines of Christianity, he could not then, with any degree of certainty, conclude that she had closed with the offer of salvation, and had found peace in believing. He came afterwards to find, that she had a great dread of making an open profession of attachment to Christ, lest she should be only deceiving herself, and thus helping to deceive others. He adds, "It is possible that under the influence of this feeling, she may, at this early period, have been concealing the faith which shone out with such a pure and steady lustre at a later period." She told me of a striking coincidence regarding her blindness, which was, "that about a year before she became so very ill as she was then, she had such a strong desire to be a Christian, that she could submit to almost any privation to have her wish fulfilled—

even to be blind." She little thought at that time how soon she was to be deprived of her sight; still she never was heard to express a wish that it had been otherwise. She said she had sometimes felt as if she could almost pull out her eyes when the fact that she really could see nothing came across her, but she knew it was a wicked thought, and to get quit of it she tried to think of something else, or to repeat a hymn, and then these rebellious thoughts passed off.

A week after she had been told that she was dying, she had a visit from Mr Gillies. She authorised me to tell him all the particulars of her state, but she did not do more herself than meekly receive his address from Jer. xxix. 11, and prayer. The day following, her friend Mrs —, to whom from childhood she had been truly attached, spent the day with her, at Jessie's own request, and she opened her mind freely to her about her spiritual state, which conversation I shall here narrate from notes of Mrs —'s interviews with Jessie, kindly sent to me after her death. "She said, with much apparent solemnity of mind, that she knew she was dying, but that although spiritual things had been the subjects of her thoughts and wishes for some time, she could not feel herself to be a true Christian. She longed to close with the gospel offers, but felt cold, dead, and dull, and as if her prayers were unheard and unanswered. She acknowledged that a change had come over her in one respect, inasmuch as she could now appreciate the vast superiority of heavenly things over earthly pleasures, that she was as-

tonished on looking back to see how differently she viewed the world then from what she used to do ; still she said, she well remembered when about thirteen years old having been very much impressed about her soul's interests, and had ever since been fitfully anxious about religion, slipping back into worldliness, until something new arose to awaken her. One circumstance in particular she mentioned, that some years before she was taken ill, she was spending Christmas in the country, and a strong conviction took possession of her mind, that if she were not converted before the new year dawned, she never would be. On the last night of the year, she three times went to her own room, and prayed that God would accept her in Christ. The time passed, however, without any sense of acceptance : then a little period after this (she did not recollect how long) there once dawned upon her mind such a holy peaceful feeling of joy, as made her hope the work was now to be done. This also passed away, and her religious feelings varied as before. She said, if she could only feel herself safe in Christ, she would not for a moment regret her great deprivation, and all the pleasures of life and youth it took from her. This conversation took place out of doors, sitting in her chair, on a grassy slope overlooking the Firth of Forth, whose beautiful wooded shores, and the picturesque islands lying immediately before the spot, gave a touch of no ordinary beauty to the landscape. 'Mrs ——,' said Jessie, '*you* see the beauty of the scene before us ; *I* saw it last year, and delighted in it. I cannot see it now, but that too I am

quite willing to give up for an interest in Christ.' This was uttered with great earnestness. She expressed her willingness to die could she attain to this, but she felt sometimes as if Christ would not listen to her prayers, as if she were too insignificant for Him to notice her. She was led to see, however, that this arose, not from the humility, but from the pride and unbelief of her heart, and she made a solemn resolution to give herself again and again to Christ, to persevere in prayer, and to make constant efforts to put unbelief away from her as an evil thing."

On the evening of the 2d August, we were all out, excepting her sister —, who told us with much pleasure what a happy time Jessie and she had spent in our absence. She had spoken much more hopefully of her state, and talked of her death with the greatest composure, giving directions about remembrances she wished given to friends she named; the persons she would like to be asked to attend her funeral, and other arrangements of a similar kind which she would wish to be attended to after she was taken from us. She also spoke much of heaven, saying, "It was all a mystery, so bright, so pure, and holy, that she often feared she was all unfit for its joys." On this point I had a good deal of conversation with her about the same time, directing her mind to the experience of Mr Howell, recorded in "Perfect Peace," and my conviction was, that his experience subsequently, or soon, became her own. It was certainly a remarkable feature in her faith, that from the time when her mind was brought to rest upon

Christ, she never seemed to have a doubt of perfect meetness for the heavenly inheritance being given to her, ere she was taken home to glory.

From this time there seemed a work of grace evidently, though gradually, going on in her soul. She admitted that she had more pleasure in prayer, and that she felt as if Jesus was really manifesting Himself to her; then doubts and fears would again arise—struggles which we accepted as evidences that she was really “working out her own salvation with fear and trembling, God working in her.” She occasionally awoke in the night, she told me, with a verse of Scripture on her lips, such as, “Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” At other times a line of a hymn seemed given as a word of comfort and encouragement to her. Two of them I remember her mentioning, viz., “Never needy sinner perished there,” from the hymn, “Cheer up my soul,” &c., and another, “Every door is shut but one, and that is mercy’s door,” from the hymn, “Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord!” Both are in Newton’s “Olney Hymns.” She seemed happy and encouraged when I expressed my hope that this was a means by which the Holy Spirit was leading her to peace and joy in believing. Her patience, which, from the first, was very apparent, now became remarkable, and continued to grow upon her to the close of her life, giving a peaceful expression to her countenance, which was remarked by all who saw her, and the more so from her increased sufferings and privations.



She could now only discern light from darkness, and was unable to do anything for herself. Distressing symptoms of convulsions had also too surely manifested themselves, to mitigate which, a seton was inserted in her neck, causing her much suffering at the time, and more or less pain during the remainder of her life ; but never did she complain, and if she ever cried out when it was dressed, she always expressed regret for her impatience.

A week or two before her return home, Mr Ross left Aberdour for a temporary field of labour for a month ; this was a great disappointment to Jessie, his visits having become a great comfort to her ; yet a day or two after he had left, she said to me, " It was, perhaps, better that Mr Ross should have left me for a time ; it will make me seek to Jesus more, and, perhaps, it was just for this end he was taken away." During his absence, he wrote Jessie a note, wherein he dwelt much on the love of Christ, and His all-sufficiency in every circumstance in which His people can be placed. He also conveyed, in a sufficiently appreciable way, the slight hope he entertained of her recovery. At the first reading of this note, she said it gave her no hope, or no comfort. I could not with any certainty affirm that this was on account of its indicating the hopelessness of her recovery ; still it may have been so, as I remember that for a week or two after she had been told of her danger, she oftener than once asked me, after having had a visit from her Doctor, if he had changed his opinion about her. This she asked with

an expression of countenance which sent a knell to my heart, proclaiming as it did more eloquently than words could do, a clinging to life which the medical opinion I had received forbade me to encourage. Very soon, however, these feelings all disappeared, and her whole longings seemed bent on death and eternity. In regard to Mr Ross's letter, which bore so clearly upon her great change, she had it ere long read so often to her, that she was in the habit of correcting us if we made mistakes in reading it. In reply to it, she sent the following message to him:—"That she was finding Christ more precious to her, but had to mourn over occasional fits of coldness of heart." Mr Ross remarks, "that he looks back upon it as an interesting indication of her spiritual state then, that she was much interested in the evangelistic work in which he was engaged, and made it a subject of prayer, thus affording a beautiful proof of the unselfishness of the Christian spirit, that in the midst of all her sufferings, our poor invalid lifted her blind eyes to heaven, and prayed for poor outcasts for whom so few cared." Before Mr Ross returned, she had left Aberdour.

Beloved, "it is well!"

God's ways are always right;  
And perfect love is o'er them all,  
Though far above our sight.

Beloved, "it is well!"

Though deep and sore the smart,  
The Hand that wounds knows how to bind  
And heal the broken heart.

## . "IT IS WELL."

Beloved, "it is well!"

Though sorrow clouds our way,  
"Twill only make the joy more dear  
That ushers in the day.

Beloved, "it is well!"

The path that Jesus trod,  
Though rough, and strait, and dark it be,  
Leads home to heaven and God.

## CHAPTER IV.

Return to Edinburgh—Increased Blindness—Self becoming less Important—Heaven Realised—Reserve Disappears—Peace in Believing—Love of Hymns—Open Confession of Christ—Desire for the Salvation of others of her own Family.

THE day preceding that fixed upon for our leaving Aberdour, was so wet and stormy, that our plans for returning home seemed very uncertain. Jessie remained quite unmoved, not appearing at all concerned about it. Next morning, however, disappointed all our fears; the sun rose unclouded, Dr —— arrived early to accompany us, and everything promised well for the journey. When a kind friend who came to bid her farewell, told her, "that she had prayed for fine weather on her account," Jessie quietly said, "I felt quite sure God would send a good day for my going home." She seemed to feel rather sad upon leaving Aberdour, saying that *we* might all be there again, but *she* never would; still she did not wish it otherwise. An increase of blindness had taken place within the two months she had spent there, none of the well-remembered places on the journey being at all perceptible to her. She said that all was now as a cloud before her eyes; still no murmuring was heard from her. On the night and day which succeeded her return, she suffered greatly from

the effects of travelling, but consideration for others (which had not been a marked feature of her character as a child) now manifested itself strikingly, and evidently proceeded from grace working and sanctifying the natural character. Notwithstanding her feeling very unwell the evening after her return home, she requested that she might be carried to the dining-room sofa, that her papa, who had been from home for some days, might not be alarmed by finding her in bed.

One distinctive mark of the progress of grace was, the different views given her of the heavenly city. She first talked of its glories; then a month or two later she spoke of those whom she would meet in heaven, asking one of her sisters to name the near relatives she had lost, who had fallen asleep in Jesus, adding, "It would make death easier to think she would meet those whom she knew when she went to heaven." A few months later she had a conversation with her sister about the employments of heaven, when she remarked, "How exquisitely delightful the music of heaven would be, to those especially who loved music!" Then she spoke of the "golden streets," and the "gates of pearl," questioning whether these could be taken in their literal sense. Her sister said, her idea was, that there would be much in heaven to please the eye, as well as to satisfy all the capacities of the glorified soul. Jessie replied emphatically, "Oh yes; Jesus is there, and there's all beauty in Him." Again, a short time before her death, I repeated to her parts of a lecture of Mr Gillies', wherein the subject of recognition of friends in heaven

was a good deal noticed. This may have led her to reflect upon the subject, as soon afterwards she said, "that she could not realise that the *spirits* of the departed would recognise each other until their re-union with their glorified bodies." After a good deal of conversation about it, she said, "her conviction was, that the saints in glory would be so filled with Christ, that meeting with and recognising departed friends would be quite a secondary thing;" "Christ would be all in all!" This was, so far as we remember, her last conversation on that subject.

After our return home, Mr Robertson again visited Jessie, and was very much struck with the change he saw upon her. "She was," he remarks, "quite helpless, at intervals a great sufferer, and had become totally blind, so that to her night and day were alike." He adds, "It was sad in one sense to look upon the utter helplessness of all that was so young, tender, and full of interest; yet in another sense I learned after a time to regard this helpless state as one that thousands might have envied." He also notices the passing away in a great measure of that reserve which some months before he had felt to be almost painful, and which frequently caused him to approach her tremulously; and further, he remarks the setting in of that peace which afterwards settled on her mind like a holy calm, but at that stage was more like occasional gleams than a steady abiding principle. He was deeply impressed by the simplicity with which the poor bodily frame was given up into the hands of her heavenly Father, never seeming now to entertain a hope

or wish for prolonged life or for recovery. He adds, "The heart had taken up its cross, denied itself to all hopes and wishes to the young so natural, and what are so largely clung to; and now, in this mystery of blindness and suffering, it was following Jesus in the regeneration."

Those friends who had not seen Jessie while we were in the country, expected, from the dangerous nature of her illness, to find her now look like a dying person, but it was not so, as almost to the close of life she had generally the flush of health on her cheek, and it vexed her to be told, as she often was, that she looked well and would overcome her ailments, as even before this time she had no desire to recover; on the contrary, the longing for death which soon took possession of her mind was very remarkable. Still she had not overcome the *fear* of death, as by and by was clearly manifested.

In a letter of mine to Mr Ross, early in September, it is stated, "that she has at length attained to a certain measure of peace in believing, not now speaking as if she doubted her interest in Christ, although not assuming a tone of firm confidence." Soon after this, Mr Ross, who kindly embraced every opportunity of visiting her when in Edinburgh, had an interview with her, which, he states, made a deep impression on him. He remarked a peculiar sweetness and placidity in her expression, indeed in her whole demeanour, on that occasion; and he afterwards learned that she was under the impression they had met for the last time. She seemed

to drink in all he said, and to labour under deep emotion as the love of God in Christ was brought before her. She talked of hymns, and how much she liked many of them, Mr Ross remarking, "that much pleasure as she had in them, he had no doubt she would eventually be drawn more to the simple Word of God." The day after this interview she sent him a copy of the Bible Hymn-book, her favourite hymns being indicated by a mark. He had also spoken to her of the necessity of an open confession of Christ; and in a subsequent letter of mine to him the subject is thus alluded to:— After stating "that amid all her aggravated bodily sufferings, her peace and joy in believing are becoming more and more apparent," it is added, "that along with it there is an evident and earnest desire for the salvation of others, and decidedly but humbly to confess Christ, seeming now to apprehend the difference between an ostentatious profession and a humble but honest testimony to His faithfulness, and the power of grace to sustain the soul amid suffering and the near prospect of death."

This concern for the salvation of others, especially those dearest to her, was much upon her thoughts; and she felt she ought to speak to them of eternal things while time was afforded her. From a natural and strong reserve in her disposition, this was a great effort for her, and grace alone could enable her to overcome it; but she did speak to each member of her family, and to two of them, who were absent for a week or two, she requested notes to be written to her dictation,



which she signed herself, although then perfectly blind. The purport of these will be gathered from the first, which is here inserted :—

“MY EVER DEAREST —, I was very happy indeed to receive your very kind note : — read it to me this afternoon. . . . It is very kind in so many — people to ask after me. I am glad, darling —, that you remember me in your prayers—I need them all. I have been very ill, and feel, dear —, that I will not live long ; but I have a hope that we shall meet, a whole family in heaven, not one awaiting. I hope, dearest —, that you will think more and more of another world. — was in my room a good while last night, and he read hymns, repeated texts, and spoke so nicely to me, that I enjoyed his visit very much. Give darling — my very kindest love, and I send the same for yourself. With love to my aunts, and many kisses to you and —, believe me, my dearest —,  
Your loving sister,

“JESSIE.”

The other note, written a few days after the above, was very much of the same character, excepting the noticing of a request which Jessie had made upon parting, that — would never omit reading her daily text. She also spoke to the servants, telling them to seek Jesus now, and not to delay till a sick or dying bed came. She seemed to have an inward satisfaction in having discharged this duty, and for a time her state

of mind seemed indicative of increased peace and joy in believing.

Faint not, Christian ! though the road,  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be, and dangerous too,  
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian ! though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage,  
Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle field.

Faint not, Christian ! though the world  
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd,  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;  
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian ! though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin,  
Christ, the Lord, is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian ! though thy God  
Smite thee with His chast'ning rod,  
Smite He must, with Father's care,  
That He may His love declare.

Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near,  
Soon in glory He'll appear,  
And His love will then bestow  
Power over every foe.

Faint not, Christian ! look on high,  
See the harpers in the sky,  
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—  
Chant with them of love divine.

## CHAPTER V.

Fear of Death—Following the Lord in Darkness—Antidote to the Fear of Death—Clinging to Jesus—Bodily Suffering—Inward Feelings—Possible Prolongation of Life—Fear of Death Removed—God's own Work in her Soul—Longing to be with Jesus—Dwells on Experiences of Others in Death.

LIKE all who tread the Zionward road, Jessie —— was not all at once to attain to "perfect peace" or resignation, nor yet to enjoy unruffled calm. Before wearing the crown, the cross must be borne, and her cross now for a season was the fear of death. This was first expressed in an interview with Mr Ross, who again saw her in the end of September. Both from the opinion of her medical attendants and her own feelings, she knew that death might be very near; she told Mr Ross that her eyes sometimes felt like balls of fire, strange visions seemed to flit before her, and her sufferings were, at times, very intense. This state of things was sufficiently distressing, but the trial of her faith was to be more severe still, and the fear of death was permitted to settle down like a horror of great darkness on her soul. She was evidently much disturbed at the thoughts of the last struggle, now to all appearance so near. It was not that she wished to live, but having experienced how heavy and bitter the sufferings in

disease may be, she trembled at the thought of still deeper pain in the swellings of Jordan.

In telling Mr Ross of these forebodings, she expressed a fear that grace had not that power over her heart and feelings which it ought to have, and that seemed to him the crowning sorrow of her heart. He endeavoured to impress on her mind that these feelings were to be regarded as a trial of her faith, that they might be due to weakness of faith, but were no proof of the absolute want of it, and also that they might in part be the result of disease, which had hitherto been mercifully kept from affecting her intellect, or even her frames of mind to any great extent. He further pointed out, that while she was kept under these fears, she would have the blessed opportunity of shewing that she would follow the Lord in darkness as well as in light—in storm as well as in calm. These thoughts seemed to give her some comfort; still the fear of death was the uppermost thing in her mind, and to it she continually reverted. Mr Ross brought forward other arguments, pointing out the fact, that God who is ever kind and merciful, and knows so well the frailty of His children, will be sure to disappoint these fears in the case of all who truly are His own, by giving them an easy entrance into the promised land, or enabling the soul heroically to buffet all the billows of Jordan, however deep and dark its waters may roll. He then called her attention to Bunyan's delineation of Mr Fearing in the "Pilgrim's Progress"—that he, notwithstanding all his horrors, found, when he really came to the brink of the river, that it was lower than it had ever been seen,

and he went over not much above wet-shod. Mr Ross asked her "if anything in all the world would induce her to go back again and give up the journey Zionwards?" To this she replied with marked emphasis, "Nothing in all the world." He said, "Then, my dear Jessie, since, in this respect, you are like Mr Fearing, you may rest assured that God will deal as tenderly with you, and either remove the fear of death or cause it to come in such a form as will not be the cause of dread." He adds, "To all this she listened with intense interest, and her remarks and interrogations were singularly free from that reserve she so commonly displayed." She began to look more happy, he remarked ; and when, in conclusion, he said to her, "that, perhaps, the best antidote against the fear of death is to look on Christ as a tried friend, who will allow His people to want for nothing they really need, especially at a time when He knows so well that no other friend can be with them," a sweet smile now came over her countenance, which told that this argument, addressed to the *heart*, was more powerful than any that had addressed themselves merely to the intellect.

Mr Gillies, who had returned to Edinburgh some weeks after Jessie did, and had renewed his visits to her, watching her spiritual progress with tender interest, made his addresses to her at this time to bear upon the fear of death, speaking to her from Hezekiah's painful experience, as recorded in Isa. xxxviii. 17 ; also from those passages in the Gospels, wherein it is recorded that the human nature of our Lord was so impressed, agitated,

and almost overpowered, in the prospect of death, that He three times prayed His Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He referred also to the verses in Heb. ii. 14, 15, pressing the truth, "that by Christ's death He hath delivered His people from him who had the power of death, and that for that reason He would also deliver from the fear of it those who were kept in bondage thereby; and that it was He and He alone that could do this, and to Him must we look."

Mr Gillies was in the habit of speaking much to her of the presence of Jesus with His people, especially in times of trial and suffering—an occasion of which opportunely occurred at this time, as will appear from the following message in a letter of mine to Mr Ross, dated 26th September:—"Jessie has been very importunate for me to write to you since Mr Gillies was here yesterday, and, at the same time, to send you her affectionate love, and to tell you that many of the truths you brought before her on Monday have been a source of sweet meditation to her, as also a verse Mr Gillies gave her a little address from, in the 18th verse of the 14th chapter of John—'I will not leave you comfortless;' and that although her mind is sometimes clouded with doubts and fears, she is determined, in the dark as well as in the light, still to cling to Jesus. These are the poor dear girl's own words." Subsequently she sent a message to the same friend to say, "that the fear of death was now taken away." A similar sentiment was expressed in a letter she asked one of her sisters to write to her nurse, telling her she was dying.

About a month after her return to Edinburgh, she had a distressing attack of pain in her head and sickness. During the night she became so ill that we were called out of bed to see her. When I went to her she seemed to have had a fit, and was trembling so violently that I was much alarmed, which she discovered, and quietly said, "Mamma, this is not death." She told one of her sisters afterwards, that she felt much inclined to repeat these lines to me,

"When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour  
From His love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength for ever!  
Weep not for me." \*

But she did not. She said also, that she knew she would not die at that time, as she felt afraid and had not got "dying grace for her dying day;" this saying of Mr Gillies was a favourite with her. The day after this attack she was in a very weak state, but she said she felt happier than she had done for some time, and thought that God had sent the suffering to shew He had not forgotten her. She quoted the saying of a pious old woman who had attended her nurse in an illness at least fourteen years before, and said she remembered her telling nurse, "that God had sent the trouble to shew He had not forgotten her."

In the end of October, she had an interview with her

\* See "Bible Hymn-book," "When the spark of life is waning."

friend Mrs ——, to whom she spoke as before, most freely. She said she was trying to follow after holiness, and did not regret the loss of the pleasures her young friends were enjoying—they were pleasures to her no more. She spoke of her stay at Aberdour, how kind Mr Ross had been, and all the good he had been the means of doing her. She further said she sometimes regretted the loss of her sight, but not so much because of the deprivation to herself, as because of the trouble it entailed on others. Often she spoke of the trouble she necessarily gave as her great trial, saying, "What use am I of?" "What good can I do?" "It would be better for others if I were gone." Mrs —— was struck with the longing for death, which was so remarkable a feature in her case, and had already begun. She longed for death, but sometimes feared her motive was impure. She was most suspicious of herself, as Mrs —— remarked. She spoke of Christ as the foundation of all her hopes, but said she did not love Him as she ought. Expressing a wish that she might not linger long, Mrs —— asked her "if she had been able to bring her mind to part with all her loved relatives?" To this Jessie replied, "that she had an assurance she would meet them all in heaven, that there would not be one awanting." The glories of that blessed home she dwelt much upon during this interview.

She had now frequent visits from various ministers, which she greatly enjoyed; Mr Nicholson, of the Tron Church, saw her for the first time during her illness this autumn, and kindly continued to visit her occa-



sionally during the rest of her life. She repeated to me several of his remarks with much interest; one, I recollect, pleased her much, viz., "That her bodily eyes had been closed that she might the more clearly look upon Jesus with the eye of her faith."

One morning Mr Gillies made her a hurried visit before going from home for a few days, and upon saying, "Good-bye," he remarked, "God never says good-bye, He never leaves you, Jessie." She had a day of great suffering soon afterwards, and this saying seemed to come home to her with comforting power. In the midst of her pain she quietly remarked, "Do you remember what Mr Gillies said? 'God never leaves me.'"

The threatening of fits, which some months before had appeared, was now greatly mitigated, and although she was never without a certain degree of suffering, her head was not so easily irritated as before, and she began to fear her illness was to be more protracted than she had anticipated, and longed much to know what the Doctors now thought of her case. In the early part of November Professor Simpson, who had not seen her for four months, was called in again in consultation. He confirmed the opinion given of the hopelessness of her case, but thought it very likely that the disease would go on slowly increasing for months to come until it terminated her life, and very likely before then her mind would give way. Professor Simpson expressed much surprise at the placid expression of her countenance, the clearness of her mind, and her freedom from irritability, which so often is an attendant upon head

affections. She was impatiently anxious to hear the opinion of the Doctors, and when I went to her after they had left, she asked me eagerly "if they had changed their minds about the hopelessness of her recovery?" Upon my replying in the negative, she looked very happy, and said, "Oh, I've heard enough; that is what I wanted most to know." After this communication being made to her, she seemed to give herself *anew* and entirely up to Christ, the effect of which was—as it will ever be where grace is predominant—the growing of a calm resignation to the will of God. This was remarked by several of those friends who were in the habit of seeing her, and may be best conveyed in the words of those who sent me remembrances of her. Mr Robertson remarks, "that nothing came out so forcibly in our conversations as her quiet contemplation of death. Passing visitors had no means of judging how solemnly still was this contemplation. Their point of view was so totally different from hers. They looked at death as the end of life—she looked at it as the beginning of life. They regarded it as the going down of everything happy and loving—she regarded it as the rising of the soul to be perfect, as the Father in heaven is perfect. The mortal strife in death, the loosening of the silver cord, the breaking of the golden bowl, may have caused her occasional trembling; but about the issue of the change—the passing from death unto life—I am persuaded she trembled not. The secret of her peace lay simply in this, that she had laid herself and all that concerned her at the feet of

Jesus. When death was spoken of she turned confidently to Him. More than once did she tell me that *nothing* could separate her from the love of God which was in Him. When any doubt arose that may for a little interval have made her uneasy, her remedy again was very simple. She beheld anew the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. With the sight of this pure child-like trust in Jesus I was repeatedly moved. Nothing but misgivings and fears could arise when she looked into her own heart, or thought of what was past in her life, or set her mind towards the parting with all she held dear on earth, which was soon to come. But then, as often as these misgivings overtook her, as often she looked away from all perplexities up into the face of Jesus, and all was still, and clear, and happy again. She herself nothing—He everything—she, feeble beyond expression, but able to do all things through Him who strengthened her. I had never witnessed an instance in which so gently had the life been resigned—*lost* for Jesus' sake, and in Jesus himself found again for ever."

Mr Ross again visited her in November, and was also struck with her calm reliance on the glorious person and finished work of Christ. He states, "The good work was evidently going on *surely*, though *noiselessly*; the edifice of a spiritual temple was rising in strength and beauty, although there was no sound to attract notice;" to which he adds, "How strongly I then felt convinced of the truth, that the preparation of a soul for heaven is emphatically *God's own work*, from

the laying of the lowest stone of the foundation, to the adjustment of the last ornament on the highest pinnacle." Although Jessie now seemed in the enjoyment of a calm peace, there was nothing of ostentation in the way she spoke, but rather a holy jealousy lest she should give expression to anything she did not truly feel; and lest Mr Ross should have misconstrued what she said to him, she not unfrequently employed me to explain statements which she feared he might have understood in a sense too favourable to her.

A few days after the visit now referred to, Jessie sent to him the following question, which she had forgotten to ask. "Whether her longing so much to be at home with Jesus was not a ground for hopes that she was saved?" To this Mr Ross replied, "that the intense longing she had to be with Christ and to be like Him, was, in his opinion, one of the very surest evidences that she was savingly united to Christ, and would eventually be satisfied with His salvation." He quoted those words that seemed so applicable to her case, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In December 1856, I again wrote to Mr Ross, in reply to a letter received from him, and in my letter the following passage occurs, indicative of her steady reliance upon Christ—"When I read to her the parts of your note kindly referring to her, she seemed much pleased, and begged me to give you her warmest love, and to assure you that she felt sure of always being remembered by you, and that it was a great comfort to her. She rests all upon Christ, and, though most imperfect

in herself, feels that she is 'complete in Him.' She cannot at all times realise His nearness, still *she ventures all on Him*, in the humble but sure hope that He will be her strength in her time of need and her portion for ever." She was greatly interested in an account which Mr Robertson gave her, in one of his visits at this time, of the closing scene of the life of a near relative, whose peaceful end he had been privileged to witness, and which afforded another proof of the faithfulness and love of Jesus in sustaining the souls of His people in the dark valley. These experiences were a subject of the deepest interest to our dear sufferer, confirming, I doubt not, her own faith, and strengthening the hope which had already sprung up in her heart. She had a spirit very susceptible of kindness, and felt most grateful for the kindness of friends, often employing me to thank them in her name, as also to inform those clergymen who visited her how much pleasure their visits gave her, and how grateful she felt to them; she was naturally timid, and felt it an effort to give expression to her feelings herself. The hymn with which this chapter concludes is from her own pen.\*

There is a stilly, dreamless sleep,  
A long, unbroken, endless rest,  
That stays life's fleeting breath.  
Friends cannot break repose so deep,  
Nought can its silent course arrest;  
It is the sleep of death.

\* See page 17.

There is a lowly peaceful home  
Below the dewy emerald sod,  
Or 'neath the tossing wave;  
Around it sad the night winds roam,  
Or cypress plumes above it nod;  
It is the lonely grave.

Oh! 'tis a dreary, cheerless thought,  
To moulder in the silent tomb—  
To sleep the sleep of death;  
Yet, child of earth, such is *thy* lot,  
Yon grave must be *thy* final home;  
Yes, *thou* must yield thy breath.

The young, the bright, the beautiful,  
At death's dark bidding there must go —  
To earth must bid farewell.  
Heart's best affections there grow cool,  
The warm life's blood forgets to flow,  
At that mysterious knell.

But, do no brighter prospects rise?  
Is all as dark beyond the tomb?  
As sad and desolate?  
Mark ye, the star of faith arise!  
See, stretching far beyond the gloom,  
Is heaven's pure golden gate.

Then, Christian, onward, do not fear,  
Faith's star, a guide to thee is given,  
'Tis Jesus holds thy hand;  
And, though thou walk'st in starlight here,  
Brightly the sun doth shine in heaven,  
In thy Emmanuel's land.

And oh! through its blest courts above,  
Will all united voices ring,  
In richest harmony,  
"Praise to our God, the God of love.  
Oh, death, where, where, thy boasted sting,  
Where, grave, thy victory!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Severe Increase of Illness—Longing for Death—Disappointment at the Prospect of Prolonged Life—Submission—Heart Searchings—Testing her Feelings—Indwelling of the Love of Christ—Interest in the Salvation of Others.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1856 Jessie frequently spoke of how little expectation she had entertained some months before, that she would see another year dawn, and even occasionally anticipated the probability of her lingering until another year, when a sudden and severe illness brought her to the very brink of the grave. For about a week she suffered from excruciating pain in her head, and her stomach could retain neither food, drink, nor medicine, and while these complaints resisted every means tried to arrest or mitigate them, she still remained calm and resigned amid all her sufferings. There was not, however, the ripeness for heaven which was so manifest when her last illness did come. She once expressed fear to me lest she were not prepared; then she told us she could realise nothing, but just felt a quiet holy calm, and desired to rest upon Jesus.

By her own desire she was remembered in prayer by Mr Gillies at his weekly meeting, as also on the first Sabbath of the year. On New Year's day I wrote to Mr Ross at her request, in the following

words :—" I write a few lines this evening, at the request of our dearest Jessie, to tell you that she is to all appearance entering the dark valley, and to beg of you to accept her tenderest Christian love, and thanks for all you have done for her ; she also wishes me to ask you to pray for her, that she may feel Jesus near her, and that all clouds and darkness may be for ever removed, and that He may lead her gently down the valley, His everlasting arms being underneath and around her. She says, she *trusts* He is with her, and that she still desires to rest solely upon ' His blood and righteousness,' but her mind is so borne down with the sufferings of the poor body that she cannot feel her hope so firm and clear as she could desire." Her longing for death was then very great, too great, as she afterwards acknowledged. Her Doctor left her twice during the week not expecting she would survive the night, and she spoke to all of us as if very near death. Once she said to me, " I am sure you cannot wish to keep me here in this suffering state." To one and all her request was, " that they would seek Jesus and meet her in heaven," and to one who replied, " she hoped she would meet her there," Jessie said, " Oh, seek Jesus to help you, and He *will* do it." She was frequently repeating verses of hymns and texts ; and, in particular, she derived much apparent comfort from the words, " Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you " (John xv. 16).

Upon her rallying a little, and its being communicated to her that her Doctor now expected that she



would get over the present attack, she expressed her regret almost hastily; her words I cannot now recall, but they indicated great disappointment at being brought back to life, and to farther suffering. I said to her, "I was sorry she should give way to disappointment so much; that she had already seen such proofs of God's love to her, that she might be quite sure He had some wise end in view in keeping her longer here. It might be either to perfect her more for His own kingdom, or to do something for the souls of others." She immediately, and most sweetly acquiesced in what I had said, and never again expressed a desire on the subject of her departure, though she said she often felt her heart rebellious.

Very shortly after this, I received a letter from Mr. Ross, in which he anticipated her feelings upon being in a measure brought back to the world, and urged very strongly upon her the idea, "that God must have work still to do in her or by her, as He was keeping her here." The following remarks which he makes in the same letter to me, in continuation of this subject, may also with propriety be quoted:—"Having long wandered over the wilderness of troubles, and having thought herself on the confines of the promised land, and about to enter into its blessed rest, it must be to some extent a trial to our dear sufferer to have her face turned again towards the wilderness, but it is a blessed thing when God thus leads His people about; His design is to teach them *entire* submission to His will; and I trust the treading of

every such maze and doubling in the journey, will find her saying more heartily, 'Lord, let it be *when* and *how* Thou pleasest; if so be that Thou takest me home to Thyself in the end,' 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

In speaking of this attack after it was over, and remarking how little she was able to *realise anything* during its prevalence, she said, "She thought it very likely when she got worse again, her mind would become dark, as she always felt an oppression come over her as suffering came on." She added, "that for all, she would not change places with any one on earth, excepting, *perhaps*, some one just about to die;" but she quickly rejoined, "No, not even that, for it would not be God's *time for me*."

After this attack there was a sweet submissive spirit in her, that continued to become more evident as her life drew nearer and nearer to its close, and never once again, amid all her sufferings and during the weary nights and days which she spent, did we hear her murmur, or wish that her state had been otherwise. In saying this, however, I must not let it be supposed that she gave expression to her feelings in words, as many ardent young Christians do, for she continued very reserved, and seldom or never volunteered remarks upon spiritual things, although she liked very much to be spoken to on these subjects, and questioned about her feelings. She told her sister "that she liked much her interviews with her friend Mrs —, because she questioned and sifted her so much about her state, and

she enjoyed it—it did her good.” The same state of mind was evident from her conversations with myself; when I wished to convince her that there was now no room nor reason for a doubt that Jesus was sustaining her, and that *she* was resting on *Him alone* for salvation, she would bring forward her cold dead feelings, the little pleasure she often felt in prayer, and that hymns breathing the love of Jesus, which were constantly on her lips, she perhaps loved because of the beauty of their poetry. Sometimes she would say, “She feared she was getting more wicked, she really felt so.”

During 1857, I had frequent conversations with her about her state, and would sometimes point out to her, that it was the duty of all Christians to make an honest profession of their faith, and how much such a simple acknowledgment differed from an ostentatious show, or self-righteous spirit, which I knew she greatly disliked. She was always afraid of being thought better than she was, and said, she felt so dead sometimes, that perhaps she might be deceiving herself, and might not be in reality a Christian. Then I would argue as follows:—“Although I knew and believed she had the same wickedness to contend with which worked in the heart of every fallen creature, still, if there were not grace there, why would she like the visits of ministers and Christian friends as she did?” She would reply, “That she perhaps liked them for their own sakes”—“that it was a variety, and that she might even like their visits and not be a Christian.” Then,

"Why was her sole pleasure in having the Bible, religious books, and hymns read to her?" To the last she replied again, "That her passion for poetry might be one reason, that she knew it was our duty to read the Bible, and therefore proper that good books and the Bible should be read to her, but she did not love God's Word so much as she ought to do." Again, "If she were not a Christian, why did she value and love the Sabbath?" I do not remember that she ever answered that question. Sometimes before closing these conversations, I would ask her, "If she would be willing to give up her Bible, hymns, ministers' visits, and other religious duties?" To this she always gave a decided negative, and in the end admitted she must have grace, or she could never be even as she was, and that in Jesus was all her hope, though she did not love Him so much as she ought to do. Often she asked me to pray "that she might have more love to Christ." I sometimes feared, from her extreme reserve, that there was a sluggishness about her in spiritual things; but I am persuaded it proceeded very greatly from physical causes; and when it is remembered, that in addition to the constant suffering in her head, there was paralysis, to a great extent, over her whole frame, the wonder is that her mind remained as active as it usually was.

She was much in the habit of testing her motives and feelings, as a proof of which, she once asked me, "If I thought she loved a Christian friend who had cared for her soul too much?" I said, "It depended upon whether she loved him for his own sake, or the message

which he brought to her." She quickly replied, "Oh, for both; only I feared I might do so more for his own sake than for what was good." She took an interest in all that concerned her family and friends, and when not suffering acutely, was uncommonly cheerful; this was often remarked by friends, who were surprised to find one in her helpless, dying state so cheerful. The Doctor who attended her often remarked how soon after the subsidence of acute suffering she regained her cheerfulness; "And yet it was more than cheerfulness," he would say, "there is a joyousness about her which, in her state, is most surprising." She knew his step in the passage, and her bright cheery smile was always ready to welcome him; and unless when she was depressed by severe pain, he seldom found it difficult to awaken her heartsome ringing laugh. She did not like visitors to tell her she was patient, or to make any commendatory remark regarding her, and said to us, "They did not know how differently she often felt from what they suspected."

Mr Ross saw her for the first time after this severe attack, in the end of January, and describes his impressions of her state at that time, thus—"I chiefly remember this visit as an occasion on which she spoke much to me of the love of Christ, always her favourite topic, and now more so than ever. There was something about the spirit she breathed at this time, that seemed to tell that she had been on the confines of Emmanuel's Land, and had eaten by way of foretaste of the grapes of Eshcol—not that any rapturous

emotions of joy were displayed, but a calm peace seemed to brood, dove-like, on her soul. On this very occasion, she spoke to me of the state of her heart as that of peace rather than joy, and our conversation turned on the importance of resting our hope on the unchangeable love of God, rather than on our own shifting frames and feelings." Mr Ross goes on to remark, "that she spoke of it as a great disappointment, that she had not been taken home to be with Jesus when she was brought so low some weeks before; he pressed upon her the importance of acquiescing in the will of God, in *that* as well as in everything else which could concern us." In connexion with this I may quote a passage from a letter of mine to the same friend, of date 9th February:—"Jessie said to-day, when begging me to write to you this evening, that she had been praying very much, ever since you were here, that she might have no wish in regard to the duration of her life, but just to leave it in God's hands, and that although she did not *feel* quite willing to be long spared on earth, she was kept from expressing a wish." Shortly after this, Mr Ross sent me the heads of his sermon on the communion Sabbath to be read to Jessie; it was from the words, "I am the bread of life." In reply to this communication, she sent him the following message in a letter of mine, dated 26th February:—"Jessie begs me to send you her warmest love, and to thank you very much for the outline of your sermon; also to say, it has afforded her food for frequent meditation and prayer, that she hopes she has tasted somewhat of

the sweetness of the hidden manna, and she longs earnestly for a large measure of it."

She continued to take a deep interest in the salvation of others, especially in cases of sickness; and at the present date, she was greatly concerned about a sister of one of the servants, who was somewhat younger than herself, and was thought to be in a dangerous state of health. She sent her a copy of "Bickersteth's Well-spring" and also one of "Come to Jesus;" both of which she had found useful to herself. She also begged that her friends would read particular portions of the Bible to her, which she named, and expressed a hope that they would not keep her in ignorance of her danger. When the poor girl's death did occur, and Jessie heard, that to all appearance she had fallen asleep in Jesus, she was much affected, and said, "She had got to heaven before her."

Lord, the waves are breaking o'er me and around,  
Oft of coming tempests I hear the moaning sound;  
Here there is no safety—rocks on either hand:  
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land.  
Wherefore should I linger? others gone before  
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore.  
Now the sailing orders, in mercy, Lord, bestow;  
Cut the cable, let me go!

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark—  
How shall I encounter its watches long and dark?  
Sorely worn and shatter'd by many a billow past,  
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast?  
Ah! the promised haven I never may attain,  
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main—  
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below—  
Cut the cable, let me go!

Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee where Thou art;  
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis better to depart,  
There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee more,  
With Thy ransom'd people to worship and adore;  
Ever to Thy presence Thou dost call Thine own—  
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone?  
Oh! to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to know!—  
Cut the cable, let me go!

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,  
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar.  
Long-beloved voices calling me I hear—  
Oh, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear!  
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold;  
There is fond affections, fondly proved of old!  
Let me haste to join them—may it not be so?  
Cut the cable, let me go!

Hark! the solemn answer!—hark! the promise sure!—  
“Blessed are the servants who to the end endure!”  
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on;  
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one!  
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love;  
More *my* strength, and wisdom, and faithfulness to prove:  
Then the sailing orders the Captain shall bestow,—  
Cut the cable, let me go.



## CHAPTER VII.

Manifestation of Feeling at the Return of Spring—Grace triumphs  
—Unselfishness—Thoughtfulness for Others—Clinging to Christ  
—Outward Effect of Inward Progress—Impression Made on  
Others—Renewal of Severe Suffering—Regret at being Spared.

As spring advanced, there was very little change in the bodily state of our poor invalid. She was extremely feeble, and occasionally suffered much from pain in her head. The progress of her disease, although slow, was gradually enfeebling her already weak and emaciated frame; still there was the same placid expression of countenance, indicating the peace that pervaded her soul. We feared that her not being able to enjoy the spring season as heretofore might be a cause of pain to her; no regrets, however, were expressed, and we hoped she did not feel it, until one morning it was touchingly exhibited, that, although not expressed, it had been deeply felt. On a beautiful morning in April, one of the servants went into the room and threw open the window, telling her it was a lovely morning, and that all the birds were singing merrily. Shortly afterwards, her sister —— went in to see her, prepared to attend a young friend's marriage. Some remark was made upon her dress, when Jessie burst into tears, and wept bitterly

for some time after her sister left her. We thought it best to take no notice of her agitation, lest we should only aggravate it ; but upon her elder sister going to her, after a little, she said, "It's all over now : I just felt a sadness come over me, to think I would never look upon —— or any of you again, and that I should never more see the trees budding, and everything looking spring like ; but I don't wish it otherwise, and would not exchange places with any of you."

As the weather became warmer, she was carried out once or twice, but she was not the better for it. Moving her always produced pain in the head and limbs, and she asked me not to urge her to go again, as, independently of the suffering it caused her, she said, "that when she heard the birds singing, and could see nothing, it made her feel her privations, and that she would rather avoid the temptation ;" so that she really passed the summer without breathing the summer air. Notwithstanding, she looked a perpetual sunbeam among us, always meeting her papa, or any of us who had been absent for a little, with a bright, happy smile upon our return. Indeed, it was more from her daily life, and the patience with which she bore all her privations, than from any expression of her feelings conveyed in words, that we could judge of the progress of her soul. One morning, one of her sisters went into her room, and, observing her looking very happy, inquired "what was pleasing her so much ?" Jessie looked quite solemn as she replied, "Oh, I was thinking of the love of Christ." She so seldom gave vent to her feelings in words,

that this exclamation struck her sister very forcibly. Soon after this, they had a conversation about different sects, and the divisions in the Church, when Jessie said, emphatically, "There will be no sects in heaven: the question there will be, *in* Christ, or *out* of Christ." In talking with me on the same subject, she always agreed in the view, that although salvation did not depend upon the particular section of the Church to which the individual might belong, still it was the duty, as it would be the aim, of all true Christians to keep themselves under a godly ministry. She had frequent visits from her attached friend Mrs —, to whom by degrees she expressed her conviction that there must be a necessary cause for her sick-bed and protracted life. She added, "Before I knew this, but did not *feel* it: now, I feel and recognise it as a good thing." She told Mrs — that the hardest lesson she had to learn was "patience." She feared she was very impatient; but no one knew what powers of endurance it required to lie blind and helpless from day to day, and from month to month: she almost longed for pain, to break the monotony of her daily life. She felt, too, it was a great trial to others as well as to herself. She could not bear her mamma and sisters to be confined on her account, and all the more so from the likelihood of her sickness being protracted for years; and she could not expect or wish them to mope all day with her; still, she said, she never wished, for one single moment, to join them—she had no wish to recover. All her hopes were fixed on eternity—on death. "Oh," she would some-

times say, "if they knew how happy I feel when they think me worse!"

Feelings of the kind expressed to her friend, were clearly manifested upon my return from a short stay in the country in the early part of summer, when I was struck with her unselfishness, and the anxiety she shewed that none of us should be kept in-doors on her account. She often said she much preferred being alone to the thought of confining us. When we assured her that it was a greater pleasure to remain with her than to go out and leave her by herself, she was gratified; indeed, the sweetly grateful spirit with which she repaid any attention was a full compensation for any privations we might have on her account.

Mr Ross was in Edinburgh for a week or two in the end of May, and during that visit he had several interviews with Jessie. He had not been in very good health himself since she had last seen him, and he remarks an interesting trait in her character connected with his illness, as also subsequently when he was again in an invalid state, "that however severe her own sufferings were, she seemed keenly alive to everything that affected the comfort of others, and that in the midst of her own sufferings, she sent him the assurance of her sympathy and prayers." On the interviews now referred to he thus remarks:—"She welcomed me with her usual sweet smile, and inquired very kindly after my health. Our conversation embraced several topics: I remember the love of Christ was one of them. She complained that she was so little impressed with

that love, strong and disinterested as it was : she wished she could feel it more, and seemed to think it doubtful whether she really had been born again, her heart was so ready to turn to earthly things. I told her that never in this life could we be in any other condition than that of mourning over the feebleness of our devotion to Christ ; for love Him as we *might*, we could never love Him as we *ought*. She mourned over, what she called, her feeble hold of Christ, which made her sometimes doubt whether her faith was true and saving. When she was speaking in this strain, I remember saying to her, ‘ Well, Jessie, your hold on Christ may be feeble, as you term it, but tell me this : would anything in all the world induce you to let go that hold ? ’ I remember she struggled hard with emotion, which would not let her speak for a few moments, and then said, with an emphasis which I can never forget, ‘ Oh no ! Mr Ross ; nothing in all the world.’ Such an appeal as this seemed, at the time, necessary to bring fairly before her view the strength of her love to Christ. She seemed very much impressed with a text I repeated to her at this time, as a proof of the tenderness and unchangeableness of the love of God : ‘ Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands ; thy walls are continually before me ’ (Isa. xlix. 16).” Although thus doubtful and suspicious of herself, it was evident to all who saw much of her, that the Holy Spirit was carrying on God’s work in her soul, and gradually bringing every thought and feeling into conformity with the will of her heavenly Father.

Even in her home-life we could see the fruit of His gracious operation. She was scrupulously careful to avoid asking for anything which she thought it would be inconvenient for us to do, and if she fancied she had been impatient in any request, she would immediately rejoin, "Oh, I beg pardon, I will wait as long as you like!" So great did this sensitiveness become, that our endeavour was to anticipate her wishes as much as possible. Her papa used always to spend a little time in her room before leaving home in the morning, and when she had been worse than usual during the night, she would beg of us not to say much about it to him, adding, "I can't bear to hear papa's voice when he is vexed, and can just picture to myself his sad look."

Mr Robertson, in his visits to her during the spring and summer, was also struck with the progress of the work within, "so still and quiet in its course, yet Christ forming in the soul, day by day, the hope of glory." He goes on to state, "I approached her now, not so much in the attitude of a spiritual guide, as in the attitude of a witness to what the grace of God was so wondrously doing in her and for her. How placidly beautiful was her repose! After perhaps a little flush at the beginning of an interview had come and gone upon her countenance, every line became soft as in the face of an infant; and though her eyes, alas! were sightless, yet in the features there was never vacancy. On the contrary, every now and then a quiet radiance, that seemed always half asleep, about

the lips and brow, would shoot up, kindling brightly, when any word of greater interest than usual was spoken, or when she dropped, as it were by chance, a few syllables about her trust in Jesus. Once I especially remember its being a fresh and beauteous summer morning, and as she lay before me with the snow-white foldings of her couch and pillows round her, and the sunny air and light streaming in through the open window, I could not but think of her even then as well-nigh radiant enough and prepared for that home which He who had loved her and washed her in His own blood was very nearly completing for her in the heavens. My visits being made under the impression above stated, I never almost felt it necessary, as in many other cases I have done, to select and lay emphasis on particular points, on which perhaps the faith needed to be made clearer and the heart stronger. I never had any apprehension but that He who had begun a good work in her soul, would carry it on until the day of Christ. On a few occasions, indeed, there did seem to be a shadow on her thoughts, and then, with how tremulous a sweetness did she listen to the few words that reminded her of 'Him who saves to the uttermost,' and 'whose blood cleanseth from all sin.' With *Him* again in sight, it was as if her doubt, if it could at all be called such, was but for a moment, ere, in the brightness of His countenance, it passed away." He goes on to remark, that whatever turn their conversation may have taken during these interviews with her, "there was, ere we parted, a running in the direction

of the cross of Jesus. The mystery of the cross was everything to her. She learned from it the meaning of her own long and weary sickness. She saw evidently that, through suffering, Jesus was making her perfect like Himself, and that if He kept her long upon her sick-bed, it was because grace was not perfected, and the soul was therefore not ripe for glory. I do not know that she ever sought to analyse beyond this—but of *this* she was deeply sensible. She repeatedly gave me to understand that she *knew* what God was doing *in* her soul by His Holy Spirit. In such a way as this patience had its perfect work. Indeed, so patient did she become, under the moulding and sanctifying hand of God, that her worst trial at the last appeared to me to be the urgency of her desire to depart and be with 'Christ, which,' for her now, blessed be His name, 'is far better.'"

In the end of July she had a severe attack of congestion of the brain, lasting nearly a week, and causing her, for hours at a time, such intense suffering, that while under the pain, she could not bear the slightest noise, or think of anything. Her usual medical attendant being from home, Professor Simpson attended her, and she was most anxious for me to ask him how long he thought she would still live. I could not, however, put the question, and only elicited from him that he saw that her disease had made great progress during the last six months, but that he did not consider her to be in immediate danger. It comforted her to know that Professor Simpson saw a change for the worse, as



she sometimes feared that her complaint was stationary, and that she might live for years. During this illness, after a night of much pain, she said, "I am not dying yet; I feel I must be holier before I am taken away. I know I am too impatient, but I *do* long to be with Jesus." She had been saying, before the attack came on, she needed suffering, and would rather have it. Then, when it came, she feared she could not bear it; but she was borne through, and the fruit of it seemed to be an increase in all the graces of the renewed nature.

Brother, wouldst thou Jesus see,  
And be blest by Him in time?  
Blest, too, in eternity?  
Brother, then abide in Him.

Wouldst thou wise and holy be—  
Be what others only seem?  
Kept in sweet security?  
Brother, then abide in Him.

Brother, wouldst thou Jesus see  
In thine heart eternally?  
Then abide in Him, and He,  
Brother, will abide in thee!

Wouldst thou all the sunshine know,  
That upon a soul can beam?  
Thou hast but one thing to do,  
Brother, to abide in Him.

Oh, abide in Him, my brother,  
Give thy heart up to Him whole—  
This one thing, without another,  
Is sufficient for thy soul.

A LITTLE LONGER.

67

Oh, my brother, time is stealing,  
Swiftly, silently along;  
Soon our Lord, His love revealing,  
Shall awake our heavenly song.

Hallelujah, holy brother !  
Hallelujah we shall sing,  
Hallelujah, and no other—  
Hallelujah to our King.

PROPERTY OF KING STANLEY

she sometimes feared that her company was unwelcome,  
and that she would live in vain. During this illness  
after a time I began to feel that I was not doing  
the Lord's work as I felt before I was taken away.  
I was not so interested but I began to be well  
again. The Lord was saying to me the same thing  
on the second evening and would rather have I  
than when I came she feared she could not bear it  
but she was borne through and the fruit of it seemed  
to be an increase in all the graces of the renewed  
nature.

Brother, wouldst thou Jesus see

And be blessed by Him in time

Bless me in assembly

Brother, then abide in Him.

Wouldst thou wise and holy be—

Be what others only seem?

Kept in sweet security?

Brother, then abide in Him.

Brother, wouldst thou Jesus see

In thine heart alone

Then abide in Him

Brother, &

W

A LITTLE LONGER.

67

Oh, my brother, time is stealing,  
Swiftly, silently along ;  
Soon our Lord, His love revealing,  
Shall awake our heavenly song.

Hallelujah, holy brother !  
Hallelujah we shall sing,  
Hallelujah, and no other —  
Hallelujah to our King.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Friends leave for the Country—Cheerful Acquiescence in her Privations—Feelings expressed through Hymns—Powers of Memory—Fulness of Christ—Love for Christ—Causes of her Longing to Depart—"Father, Thy Will be Done!"

EARLY in August 1857, our friends, almost without exception, had left Edinburgh, and I was left alone with Jessie—at least, without any of her sisters. If at first I disliked the quietness of everything around, I could not help feeling rebuked when I looked upon the helpless sufferer—peace and contentment beaming in her countenance. Indeed, I can never fail to look back upon that period as a most precious one, evidencing as it did the purifying of her soul for that blessed home she was shortly to inherit. She was a good deal agitated when, one by one, her sisters took leave of her, as they went to the country for a little change of air; still no murmur escaped her lips. When one of her sisters, who did not go until Jessie had recovered from the illness noticed in the former chapter, bade her adieu, she was unusually overcome. It happened, quite unexpectedly, and contrary to arrangement, that she was left alone for some time afterwards, which, when I discovered it, vexed me so much that I expressed great regret, and asked her

if she had not felt neglected and very dull. She replied that she was very sorry to part with her sister, and felt dull at first, but that she began to repeat hymns and other things to herself, and thought no more about it, and soon felt quite happy. So that which caused us so much regret was made a blessing to her, and enabled her to enjoy, in a greater degree, the presence of that "Friend who loveth at all times, and is a Brother born for adversity." In talking at this time of her sister's visit to the country, and how much she would enjoy some excursions she had in prospect, she added, "They are all new to her, and once on a day I would have been going with her; but it is otherwise ordered now." I asked her if she regretted the privation, when she said that she did not, and she knew it was better for her as it was. She regretted, however, being the cause of our not all going to the country together, as usual at that season, saying, "She would not be surprised if every one of us were tired of her long illness." I always assured her that none of us felt so, and that the trial might be intended for our good as well as for her own. This view she expressed about the same time to her friend Mrs —, saying she saw now that she might possibly do a little good by exhibiting a lesson of patience and endurance to others. Mrs — told me after her death, that as her will became more and more broken, she had said "that the cross she was to others was a means of doing them good;" and that she had gone on to say, "that she should not murmur at all, either for her own trial or the trial she was to those around

her." I do not remember that, after this period, she ever spoke of herself as being of no use in the world and a trial to others, although she still regretted the trouble she necessarily gave, although no one in such circumstances could have given less.

From this period there was a rapid growth in her character; and although her bodily powers were decidedly weaker—medicines having greatly lost their power to relieve her—her mind became more vigorous, almost restless—desiring constant occupation—so that books which a year before she had felt it a fatigue to listen to, she now quite enjoyed. When I was not engaged in talking or reading to her, she was generally occupied in repeating hymns. She had a little "Memoir of M. E. C." sent to her by a friend; to each chapter of this book a hymn is appended; she had met with few of these hymns before, and thinking them to be very beautiful, she committed every one of them to memory—a task she very easily performed when they were read once or twice to her. Sometimes she would playfully say to me, "I suppose I ought to see it my duty to repeat something to you now—you will be tired reading;" and, for nearly an hour at a time, I have heard her repeat one hymn after another, with such pathos and feeling, that it seemed as if she were expressing through them her whole soul, which I really believe to have been the case. Very shortly before this she said to me, upon my coming in from church on a Sabbath afternoon—during which time one of her attached aunts, who was to leave Edinburgh next day,

had sat with her—that she had repeated several hymns to her aunt, and asked me “if I was surprised to hear that it was she who had offered to do this?” She added, “I thought I might never see her again, and I wished to leave a pleasant impression upon her mind.” It was very touching to look at her while thus employed—her animated countenance formed such a contrast to her feeble, emaciated body. Excepting her hearing, all her bodily powers were either gone or impaired, and even her hearing was occasionally slightly imperfect. Her power of memory for hymns was at this period very remarkable, and seemed a gift graciously bestowed upon her as others were taken. It was a talent she largely availed herself of, as during her sleepless nights she was constantly repeating them, never, if she could possibly avoid it, disturbing the member of the family who slept in her room. In the beginning of her illness, she liked to be talked to when she could not sleep, and this made us remark the difference.

Mr Robertson, who, in his visits to her during all her illness, had been most warmly interested in her progress, remarks how much he was struck at this period with the ripening of her soul for glory. He states: “Amongst the last times I saw her, it struck me much how transparent everything about her had become: her features were transparent in their almost unearthly beauty of expression; her thin hands, as they lay upon the coverlet, were transparent in their gentleness of touch; her brow was transparent in the light



of heavenly clearness that began to hover round it. It looked as if the spirit were everywhere and in every way shining through. Her great happiness was in prayer. Through prayer, she was already passing up through the gates of the blessed." She seemed to join in the prayers offered by her sick-bed with great enjoyment, feeling it a comfort, I believe, to have the desires of her heart put in words, in which she could fervently unite without the effort of thought, which she often complained to me made secret prayer almost burdensome to her. Frequently she mourned over this deadness in prayer, and seemed comforted when it was suggested to her that physical causes in a great measure accounted for it. One text which encouraged her much on this point was the following :—2 Cor. viii. 12, "If there be first a willing mind," &c. When Mr Gillies paid her his last visit before going to the country at this time, and the other clergymen who kindly visited her had also left, she spoke of the blank she would feel in the want of these visits, but they seemed amply made up to her in the peaceful, happy spirit that was imparted to her, teaching her the lesson, I doubt not, that in Christ Jesus there is enough to satisfy every longing soul, whether with or without ordinances.

Her friend Mrs — came frequently to see her while we were alone, and she also remarked, "What a sweet, calm, and most heavenly frame of mind settled upon her from that time." Jessie said to Mrs — she had great enjoyment in her day then, adding, "It is so nice to have mamma to read to me all day,

and then when papa comes home I repeat hymns or poetry to him." "And do you never tire now, Jessie?" Mrs — asked. "Oh, never in the day. I amuse myself repeating things if ever I am alone. I never tire." Mrs — told me that no doubts seemed to trouble her then, and although she never volunteered any remarks upon her spiritual state, she seemed to like being questioned about it; and the little pithy replies, coming in energetic gushes direct from the heart, were in her opinion all the more valuable, from the peculiarly undemonstrative, downright character of the utterer. She said "all her hopes were centred in Christ." Sometimes she said "she hoped He was near her;" and sometimes "she thought she felt Him near." Then she felt afraid of expressing herself in words, lest she should say too much, and lead people to suppose her better than she was. To the questions, "Do you feel Jesus near?" her answers would be, "I hope I do," "I think I do." Once, "I know He is here beside my bed:" again, "Oh, you know, what should I do without Him?" On another occasion, "she was always thinking of Him." Once, in answer to a question, "whether she prayed to Him?" in a surprised tone of voice she said, "Of course I do." Another time, "I don't love Him enough. I wish I could love Him more than I do—but I *do* love Him." Here she paused, as if weighing in her own mind the truth of what she said; then added, in an emphatic burst, "Yes, I *do* love Him." In the course of these conversations, she frequently said, "I shan't die yet; I'm not ready

yet. I am too anxious to die yet; I shall be kept until I have no will of my own in the matter." Her countenance fell if told she looked better. Mrs —— told me she would express herself thus—"Don't say so. I don't like to hear that; I was afraid you thought me better. I don't like people to tell me I look better." Mrs —— once asked her, "Whether her intense longing for death was from a desire to depart and be with Christ, or to be freed from suffering?" Jessie replied, "She feared that the wish to be freed from pain might have something to do with it," but added, with much feeling, "I do long to be with Jesus!" During one of these interviews she repeated to Mrs —— the hymn:—

"Yes, billow after billow—see, they come  
Faster and rougher, as yon little boat  
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes  
It seems to sink and fall adown the waves,  
As if borne backward by the struggling tide;  
Yet, mounting billow after billow, wave  
On wave o'er-riding, tempest-toss'd and shatter'd,  
Still, still it nears the haven evermore.  
'Poor mariner! art not thou sadly weary?'  
Dear brother, rest is sweeter after toil.  
'Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight  
Of nothing but the wintry waters?' True;  
But then my pole-star, constant and serene,  
Above the changing waters changes not.  
'But what if clouds as often veil the sky?'  
Oh, then an unseen Hand hath ever ta'en  
The rudder from my feeble hands the while,  
And I cling to it. 'Answer me once more,  
Mariner, what thinkst thou when the waters beat

Thy frail boat backward from the long'd-for harbour ;'  
 Oh, brother, though innumerable waves  
 Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home,  
 I know that they are number'd ; not one less  
 Should bear me homeward, if I had my will ;  
 For One who knows what tempests are to weather,  
 O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once—  
*He* bids these waters swell. In His good time  
 The *last* rough wave shall bear me on its bosom  
 Into the haven of eternal peace.  
 No billows after ! They *are* number'd, brother.  
 ' Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on ;  
 My tears still flow for thee, but they are tears  
 In which faith strives with grief, and overcomes.' "

Mrs —— told me she thought she had never before heard such impassioned eloquence, nor seen a more wrapt and heavenly face, whilst she repeated this hymn. Unconsciously she raised her eyes and face, and then her whole head, as if the fervour of her soul was such, that it was about to carry her poor, helpless body along with it in its flight to heaven. Mrs ——'s concluding remark to me was, " If ever spirit communed with its God, hers did then." Further on in the same year, she once admitted to Mrs ——, in a modest, hesitating way, that she hoped her character had improved under the ordeal she was passing through. She was conscious of more patience—she could now say, " God's will be done."

My God, my Father, while I stray,  
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
 Oh teach me from my heart to say—  
 " Thy will be done."

## "THY WILL BE DONE."

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine—  
"Thy will be done."

Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say—  
"Thy will be done."

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—  
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say—  
"Thy will be done."

Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing, when on a happier shore—  
"Thy will be done."

## CHAPTER IX.

Increased Helplessness and Suffering—Happy Frame of Mind under these Trials—Increased Love for God's Word—Meditation on the Love of Christ—Confidence in God regarding Things Temporal—Perfect Peace—Thought of Death always Present—Patience Perfected—Desires to Know her Appointed Time—Perfect Acquiescence in God's Will.

ALL who are conversant with cases of protracted sickness will easily understand that those who are constantly with the invalid are much less sensible of the progress of the disease, than those who are only occasional witnesses to its effects. So it was in the case of our beloved sufferer; so stealthily slow was the progress of the disease in her case, that in watching her from day to day, there was little change perceptible; yet, after being absent from her for any length of time, one was convinced of the undeniable fact, that the powers of life were gradually sinking. In the middle of October, upon my return from a few weeks' stay in the country, I was greatly struck with her pitiable helplessness, and the prostration of her whole frame. Notwithstanding every treatment which skill and kindness could suggest, medicines now afforded little relief. She had complained, throughout her entire illness, of a noise in her head, like the ringing of bells or the

rushing of a torrent, and now it became so bad as frequently to awaken her when asleep; then balls of fire would appear before her eyes, so bright as almost to make her feel as if her head were in a blaze. Again, strange figures would flit before her, so as to produce, for the time, a sensation of horror. Amid all these varied and painful feelings, we looked with wonder upon her unruffled spirit. Shortly after my return, she had a severe attack of sickness, which lasted for a few days. She was very cheerful all the time; indeed, we often remarked that she was happiest when worse than usual. Sometimes she would wish for pain, saying, "She felt she needed a headache; it would do her good; she had been getting impatient, or thinking too much about other things." She had felt in this way for the past year. After the illness now referred to, she had a time of comparative ease, and she began again to think she might live many years, often talking of it to me, and longing to know what the Doctors thought, or if any one could really tell. One day, while speaking thus, I asked her, "Whether, if she had her own wish, she would prefer to get quite well now, or to lie in the same state for five or six years?" She replied, "I would rather be ill as I am for years, and die at the end of them."

Very soon after she had been told of the hopelessness of her case, her longing to depart was very great, and although she took an interest in passing events, still nothing ever inspired her with a wish to return to life and all its enjoyments. She said to one of her

sisters one day about this time, how very thankful she felt that her medical attendants had been so candid about her case, and that I had not concealed their opinion from her; she then added, "But even although I had died suddenly in the first of my illness, I would have been saved, for the work was begun long ago," referring, I have no doubt, to her awakening when a child. There was a remarkable simplicity of mind about her, and one might have thought, from her talking little upon doctrinal points, that she did not think much about them; but she had a very clear view of the doctrines of the gospel, and of none more so than of election. She used frequently to repeat, with much fervour, those lines from M'Cheyne's beautiful hymn "When this passing world," &c. :—

" Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee;  
Hidden in the Saviour's side;  
By the Spirit sanctified;  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe."

I may notice here, that as her growth in grace increased, there was a difference in the kind of hymns she preferred. Many that she had formerly cared for she told me not to read to her now, as they were only good for the beauty of their composition, but "had nothing in them." Among this class there were several translated from the German, and also some by English authors. She liked none so well as those that breathed the gospel and the love of Jesus. In our daily reading



to her, she now generally restricted us to one hymn, morning and evening, preferring more of the Bible ; and in addition to her Bible, she had read to her each morning a chapter from such a book as "Bickersteth's Well-spring," or "The Words of Jesus," &c. Both these works were great favourites with her. In the evening, she was seldom able for more than a short psalm. I remember three that she very frequently asked for—viz., 23d, 42d, 121st. Latterly she used to request me to give her a text the last thing before leaving her room for the night ; she told her sister that the object of this was that she might have it to think of when she lay awake. The first time I gave her one on the love of Christ, when she seemed pleased, saying, "That will do, it is very good." Next night I read one from "Clark's Promises," but not so full or so concise as the former one ; and seeing she did not respond to it, I gave her another. When her sister went into her room to go to bed, Jessie asked her to give her a text with something of the love of Christ in it, saying she liked best just to have *one* to think of, and that one full of Christ and His love.

Mr Ross, who visited her in the early part of winter, observed the increase of her growth in grace, patience having its perfect work, and the soul gradually ripening for glory. In a note of mine to him, dated October, there is a notice of a letter from him, of date September 11, wherein he reminds her of the difference of her state then from what it had been a year before, when he first saw her, and what thanks are due to God who had

done the whole work. This letter was received just after she had been telling me one day "what a blessed holy calm she then felt over her, and that she could not be fretful even if she tried." We had spoken of her state the year before, and how wonderfully she had been upheld by God's grace. This I go on to say, in my letter to Mr Ross, she was ready thankfully to acknowledge, as she often said it was nothing in herself that kept her patient and submissive. Still she felt her own shortcomings so much, that she shrank from making too great a profession. It is further added in the same note, "that she has been quickened to greater earnestness in prayer latterly, and for the future seems to fear nothing, so graciously does God temper the wind to her stricken frame."

About this time, her mind seemed almost to possess the clearness of intuition ; and in the mercantile crisis that so soon occurred, we were much struck with her strong but childlike trust in God. She was generally able to be on the sofa in the room occupied by the family all the evening, and consequently she heard much talking on business matters between her papa and brother, and in that way she came to know all that was taking place, which then kept all those engaged in mercantile pursuits in an anxious state of mind. I said once or twice to her that she heard too much of these things, and that it was not good for her. She used to reply, that it did not signify, because she knew quite well by our voices when there was anything making us anxious, especially in the case of her papa, and

that she would much prefer to know all that affected us than to suspect that we had causes of anxiety which we concealed from her. She remarked, that although everything connected with business affairs seemed to be in a very critical state, she had a confident hope that we would pass through it unharmed, sweetly expressing her humble trust that God would not lay so much upon her dear papa at once, as business anxieties and the distress inseparable from her long illness. Thus her own mind was kept in comparative ease on the subject, and thanks to the providential goodness of God, her assurance was realised; and while so many suffered, we were spared this additional trial.

Mr Robertson had his last interview with her at this period, and of it he thus writes:—"The last time I saw her, I did not think but that ere she passed hence we might meet again; yet in praying with her, as it really *was* for the last time, I remember falling into a strain of supplication such as is rarely given, save when we have glimpses near and precious within the veil. When I said to her, 'good-bye,' she turned her face slightly on the pillow; and to a question I put, she answered, that she had been very happy in the part God had assigned to her, *suffering* instead of *doing*; and yet, through her suffering, perhaps, in the highest of all senses, *doing* His will. With a slight but very touching smile she repeated, 'that *in Jesus she was at perfect peace.*' We met no more. May we all meet in the light of the throne of God and of the Lamb!" After this visit, Jessie asked me "if I had remarked Mr Robertson's prayer," and

said she had felt it very suitable to her circumstances, and greatly enjoyed it. She looked upon ministers' visits as one of her greatest privileges.

About the beginning of December, Mr Gillies paid Jessie one of his accustomed visits, and being engaged with a friend at the time, I did not remain in her room as usual during his stay. When I went to her after he had left, she told me she had liked his visit extremely; that he had asked her the text for the day in her "Daily Food," and that she had remembered it, which she did not always do—her memory being defective for single verses. Rather strikingly the verse was, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." She repeated much of what he had said to her of Jesus' presence with His people in the hour of death, and the preciousness to Him of every minute particular connected with that solemn event. After going over much of what had passed, she said, "Mr Gillies said to me that he supposed I would not be thinking so much about death now as I had done when I was so ill last New Year; but I told him I did think about it." And added, "I am always thinking of it," as if surprised that we should suppose she did not. She told one of her sisters that she often pictured to herself her death and funeral, and how we would all be occupied, and how we would feel her loss. Indeed, everything connected with that sad event she talked of with singular composure, excepting when she had occasion to name her papa, which at all times overcame her. She was naturally of a loving, generous

disposition; and when it became sanctified by grace, there was something very endearing about her whole spirit and character.

From the middle of December until within a week of her death, I was unable, from a severe illness, to be with her, and she was thus unavoidably left more alone than she had been during her whole illness previously. Still she never complained, or seemed to think of herself, always begging her sisters not to remain with her, but rather to go and ascertain if I required anything. She was then suffering frequent and severe pain in her head, accompanied by sickness, which, she used sweetly to say, "mercifully did not last long at a time, so that she could the more easily bear it." She was, however, occasionally depressed, which her Doctor and all of us thought was caused by the return of the season when, a year before, she had thought her release so near. I had been so constantly with her for many months, that she could not fail to feel my absence a great blank, although she did not express it to her own family. Indeed, had it not been for a conversation with her friend Mrs — on Christmas-day, we should never, in all likelihood, have known her feelings at this period. She told this friend that my absence was a trial almost greater than she could bear; that she listened for every sound up-stairs; frequently, and with much emotion, adding, "Poor papa, he does feel so when any of us are ill!" Then she came to think it was a trial of patience she must have needed. It seemed in reality to be the perfecting of the work;

for her patience from that time shone forth with an almost heavenly lustre. The same day she spoke to Mrs — of a case she had heard of similar to her own, the subject of which lived many years, and she wished much to be informed by her Doctor if hers was likely to be as protracted, and how long he thought she would live. She sent a message to him that she would like to know this, if he approved of telling her, saying she liked best to know, and wished always to be told, what her exact state was.

A week afterwards she had another interview with the same friend, who told me she found her greatly depressed, saying another year had begun, and she seemed no nearer death; that she might live for five or even ten years; but she wished and tried to be submissive. She further told Mrs —, that she had been thinking over her request to know how long she might probably live, and had come to the conclusion that it was a wrong one, and therefore begged it might not be gratified. Not that she did not wish to know—she could not express the longing that she felt to be informed—but she thought it was not right, she wished to be perfectly passive—to leave the matter in the hands of God. She said that she was convinced she would live until she had no wish upon the subject; that she would not be ready to go until she was equally willing to go or stay: and she was trying to bring her mind to this. She had expressed similar sentiments to myself some months before. Once she said, “She knew she would not die until she was quite willing to get better, if God so ap-

pointed it." On New Year's morning, 1858, she sent me, by her sister, her text for the day—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25)—one which was soon to be verified in her own experience. In the afternoon she was, at her own request, carried up-stairs to my room to spend some time with me, but not having her usual couch, she became fatigued, and did not remain till the evening, as she had wished. Before leaving me, she said, "If I live till summer, I shall be carried up here and laid at the open window" (which looked into the country), "where I can enjoy the fresh air and hear the birds sing without being overlooked." From her blindness, she had a particular dislike to being looked at by strangers. When she left me, she expressed regret at not having seen me alone—which the presence of some friends had prevented—as there was something she wished very much to tell me. I said to her that I hoped to be down-stairs next day, and to have a long time with her then. Although she made the remark about what she would do in summer, *if spared*, it was not at all her practice to be laying plans for the future. Even when suffering less than usual, she seemed to live in the belief that any moment might snap asunder the fragile thread by which she held her life. Once I remember her saying, "that death could not come too suddenly."

Ah! I shall soon be dying—  
Time glides swiftly away—  
But, in my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day—

The day, when I shall enter  
Upon a world unknown;  
My helpless soul I venture  
On Jesus Christ alone.

He once a spotless victim  
Upon Mount Calvary bled:  
Jehovah did afflict Him,  
And bruise Him in my stead.

Hence all my hope arises—  
Unworthy as I am;  
My soul most surely prizes  
The sin-atonement Lamb.

To Him, by grace united,  
I joy in Him alone;  
And now, by faith, delighted  
Behold Him on His throne.

There He is interceding  
For all who on Him rest;  
The grace from Him proceeding  
Shall waft me to His breast.

Then with the saints in glory  
The grateful song I'll raise,  
And chant my blissful story  
In high seraphic lays.

Free grace, redeeming merit,  
And sanctifying love,  
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Shall charm the courts above.



## CHAPTER X.

Dread of Prolonged Life—A Hard Question Answered—Self laid Low—Source of her Peace—Entering Jordan—Its Waves and Billows passing over her—Her Will entirely Subdued—Am I Christ's Own?—Must the Furnace be Hotter still?—Perfect Peace—The Everlasting Arms Beneath and Around Her.

ON the first Sabbath of the year 1857, we had little thought that our suffering invalid was to be spared for another year, and as little did we now expect that the first Sabbath of 1858 was to be her last on earth. It was the afternoon of that day before I had an opportunity of being alone with her, when she began her conversation with me by saying, "Do you remember this day last year, mamma?"—adding, "I never expected then to hear the Sabbath bells again, and here I have lived a whole year." She quite acquiesced in the view that she must have been kept here for some good end, and then went on to tell me of her conversation with her friend Mrs —— on New Year's Day, and asked me if I thought she was right in giving up the request to be informed how long her Doctor thought she would live, for Mrs —— had said that she was quite right. I replied "that I entirely agreed with her"—that it was in better hands than that of any earthly friend. She

said again, "But, mamma, I told Mrs —— that I think I shall live five years, or perhaps ten. She says that it is impossible; do you think so?" I replied, "that I did not think it at all probable, and scarcely possible;" but added, "If it were put in your own power *now* whether you would live five years or five days, which would you choose?" She said, "You have asked a hard question;" but immediately and emphatically exclaimed, "Five days to be sure!"—to all appearance, as little thinking as I then did how prophetic were her words. I remarked to her, "that in making the latter choice, I presumed she felt, that although she did not feel herself then in a *dying frame*, still that, to use Mr Gillies' favourite expression, she trusted to getting 'dying grace' when her dying day came." She acquiesced in this. We had some conversation afterwards on the same subject; and one remark, I remember, was, "that it was a blessed thing, when we came to die, to feel that there was nothing to be done, for Jesus had done it all;" and that He would perfect His own work, and take us home at the time and in the way He knew to be best. She acquiesced in all I said in such a way as to satisfy my mind (knowing her undemonstrative disposition) that she deeply felt the truth of these things. If any doubt had remained, it would have been entirely removed by the oft-repeated sentiments which fell from her lips during the intense suffering she was soon made to pass through, and which shewed forth, with unmistakeable clearness, the source from whence proceeded her remarkable patience, and the calm, peaceful spirit which manifested

itself in her whole deportment, giving to her countenance an expression of heavenly peace. In noticing this I may here narrate a circumstance which testified how fully she now realised the experience of the apostle when he said, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

One of her sisters mentioned, in course of conversation with her, shortly before this time, that a friend, who had seen her more than a year before, in expressing a hope that her mind was at peace with God, said, "Heaven's peace seemed resting on her brow." Jessie said, "Well, a year ago it would have done me harm to have been told that, but I do not think it does now, for I know that there is nothing in myself that is good—it is all done in me and for me by grace."

She committed two hymns to memory the last Sabbath of her life. One, "The thought that I must leave ere long," &c. (which closes this chapter), and the other:—

"Leave thy dying bed to Jesus,  
Take no thought for that dark hour;  
By His death, His life, He frees us  
Both from Death's and Satan's power.  
Shrink not from the dying strife,  
'Tis thy passage into life.

"Only 'set thine house in order,'  
Leave thou nothing to be done;  
Let not fear thy mind disorder,  
Christ for thee the victory won:  
He can make thy death-bed bright,  
It is precious in His sight.

"He has said He will not leave thee—  
 Has He promised this in vain?  
 Can the God of Truth deceive thee?  
 Coward fears His truth arraign.  
 Simply on His word depend,  
 He *will* love thee to the end."

She had set aside another to learn next day, upon  
 "Patience," from the same book,\* but her hymns on  
 earth were soon to be exchanged for the song of Moses  
 and of the Lamb in her heavenly home. After reading  
 a few hymns to her, she repeated one or two to me:  
 one, and I think the last, was so striking that it is  
 given here in full:

"What's this that steals, that steals away my breath,  
 Is it death? is it death?  
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame,  
 Is it death? is it death?  
 If this be death I soon shall be  
 From all my sins and sorrows free—  
 I shall the King of Glory see!  
 All is well, all is well!

"Weep not, my friends, dear friends, weep not for me,  
 All is well, all is well!  
 For I am pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free—  
 All is well, all is well!  
 There's not a cloud that doth arise  
 To hide my Jesus from mine eyes;  
 I soon shall mount the upper skies!  
 All is well, all is well!

"Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,  
 All is well, all is well!  
 I will rehearse the pleasing story,  
 All is well, all is well!

\* The Invalid Hymn-Book.

Bright angels are from glory come !  
 They 're round my bed, they 're in my room !  
 They wait to waft my spirit home !  
 All is well, all is well !

“ Hark ! hark ! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me !  
 All is well, all is well !  
 I soon shall see His face in glory !  
 All is well, all is well !  
 Farewell, loved friends, adieu, adieu !  
 I can no longer stay with you !  
 My glittering crown appears in view !  
 All is well, all is well !

“ Hail, hail ! all hail, all hail ! ye blood-wash'd throng,  
 Saved by grace, saved by grace !  
 I soon shall join your rapturous song,  
 Saved by grace, saved by grace !  
 All, all is peace and joy divine,  
 And heaven and glory now are mine ;  
 Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb !  
 All is well, all is well ! ”

On the evening of Sabbath the 3d of January, her Doctor saw her, and although he did not alarm us, he saw a change in her eyes, indicating increased illness, which soon appeared. She had a very bad night, suffering great pain in her head, and retching violently. Her sister —— heard her repeating texts and verses of hymns to herself, sometimes adding, “ Weary night.” Once she heard her say, “ No night, ——, there.”

Next day, January 4, she was carried to the dining-room as usual, but felt very feeble, and complained of a chilly coldness over her. She and I were a great part of the afternoon alone, but neither of us seemed able to talk much. Her cheerfulness, however, did not forsake

her, as I recollect, upon moving her nearer the fire, I faltered a little, from feebleness after my recent illness, when she laughed merrily, saying, "This is the halt helping the blind." In the evening, a member of the family who had been absent for some days returned, and she was quite interested in hearing of friends where he had been, and their proceedings. She took her coffee better than she had done for some days ; it proved to be her last meal. She went to bed without complaining of anything but weariness.

During the night, violent sickness again returned, accompanied with such severe paroxysms of pain in her head, that all she could do, as she felt one coming on, was to call out "to hold her head." This was a different form of suffering from any she had before experienced, and consequently, we were more alarmed. Still she had been so often apparently near death, that none of us could realise, almost to the last, that she would not rally as she had done before. When her sister — came to me in the morning (Jan. 5), she told me that Jessie had been very sick and ill during the night, and complained so much of pain in her head, that she had not been able for any more of her morning reading than the daily text ; but she thought it just one of her usual attacks. I went to her as soon as possible, and was much alarmed by her appearance, and by a confused drowsiness which seemed oppressing her. Her Doctor was sent for, and he told us the paroxysms proceeded from congestion of the vessels of the head, and that although he considered her in great danger, still that he could not

say that she might not recover from this attack. He ordered leeches on her temples, which afforded very little relief; and when he again saw her late in the evening, he thought her getting worse. Her sufferings were becoming most distressing, but she was never heard to murmur.

Her night was again a very troubled one, and next day, January 6, although her pulse at Dr ——'s first visit was a shade stronger, there was no material improvement, the paroxysms regularly returning, accompanied with complete inability to take food; a small bit of ice to moisten her lips was all she took. Whenever she yielded to our entreaties to try a little food, it immediately produced retching; so we gave up asking her to do so. On this day she said to one of her sisters, "I am very ill, but I have been so often ill, that I do not know whether this may be death, but I've no wish." This she said most distinctly, shewing us, as it really proved, that the work was done—"willing to go, or willing to stay." Her mind was perfectly clear all this day, but she suffered so much, that we avoided conversation as much as possible, partly to keep her quiet, and partly from the fear, that if we spoke to her as a dying person, we might lead her too confidently to suppose that her release was at hand. In the evening, Mr Ross came in unexpectedly, and he saw her during a short interval of ease, which she had before he left. In the few words of conversation which he had with her, he said, "Jessie, I hope you feel confident of this—that Christ will not allow any of

His people to want for anything really for their good," quoting also the text in Isaiah liv. 10, "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed," &c. She said, "Am I His own?" Mr Ross did not know whether to regard these words merely as a question put to him, or as an exclamation of wonder, as the thought of the blessedness of being Christ's own came vividly before her mind. He replied as if they were the former, saying, after all he had seen of God's dealings towards her, that he could not doubt that she was indeed one of His children. He adds, "I commended her to the care of the good Shepherd, whose presence in the dark valley banishes every fear, and parted from her to see her face no more."

When Dr —— paid his last visit the same night, she said to him, with much earnestness, "Is this death, Dr ——?" He replied, "You are very ill, Jessie, but the issue is in higher hands than mine." She made no further remark. Frequently we heard words of Scripture on her lips, and the name of Jesus. During the night, a servant who, along with her old nurse, sat up with her, heard her praying for patience. The paroxysms were increasing in length and intensity; and on Thursday morning, she said to her nurse, "I am very ill; do I look like death now?" Nurse said, "No, there was not anything yet to indicate the near approach of death." Jessie replied, "Do you not think so?" and looked disappointed. Nurse asked her, "If she were not willing to wait God's time?" when she said, "Oh yes, quite willing, only I am afraid of suffer-



ing." She was reminded of Him who had suffered for us, and again she said, "Yes, I know all that, and I am quite willing to suffer if it is His will." She spoke earnestly to the servants, who had been most kind to her during her long illness, begging them to seek a Saviour *now*, and not to delay till a sick or death bed came, saying, that although time and opportunity had been given to her to prepare for heaven, it might not be so in their case, and to make sure now.

When I went to her on the morning of the 7th January, she asked me if I thought her end was near, and said that she felt very ill. I replied that I saw she was so, and knew she could joyfully say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," but that patience must have its perfect work, and that God knew best when she would be ready, being "complete and entire, wanting nothing." She acquiesced in all this, and asked me, "If I thought she was prepared for death?" which, from what she said shortly after to her sister, referred, I found, not to her having an interest in Christ, but to her needing to be further purified by suffering. She said to her sister that morning, "She did not know whether this was death," but added, "What a blessing there's nothing to be done! Jesus has done it all. Precious Jesus!" Shortly after she put the question, "Am I prepared?" Her sister reminded her she had just said, "there was nothing to be done, for Jesus had done it all." She quickly answered, "Yes, I know He has, but I thought I might need more chastening, and have more to suffer." She frequently said during the day, "She had no wish." In the course of

the forenoon, her friend Mrs —— sat with her for some time. Jessie was very ill, and unable to speak much, but begged her to sit by her for a little; and while she did so, asked her, "If she remembered her once saying she would almost rather have pain than be in that dull, monotonous state?" Mrs —— replied in the affirmative. Jessie replied, "Well, it has come now indeed;" and she spoke as if she felt it was sent to teach her that her way would not be the wisest nor the kindest way, if she were allowed to have it. She expressed distress at the dulness of her feelings, that she could not think or feel much, she could only lie and wait, but added, "Mamma says my bodily state may in some measure occasion this." Mrs —— said to her, "But you feel peace, Jessie?" With intense emphasis, she replied, "Oh, perfect peace!"

When Dr —— saw her that day, he pronounced her much worse, and did not expect that she would again rally. Directly after he had left, she had an attack of retching, which brought on a fit, and for some time we thought her sufferings were immediately to close; but it proved only to be a nervous fit, and not convulsive, as we had feared. When she rallied from it, she seemed better and more lively than she had been all day. The Doctor ordered her head to be shaved; and we were struck with the meek, patient spirit she shewed while this was being done. Her weakness now was so great, that the slightest movement was distressing to her. When anything new was prescribed by her Doctor the last day or two of her life, she sometimes would say, "What

is the use?" but upon our replying, "that while life was granted, we must use the means for its preservation," she always acquiesced, and never objected to anything. We frequently heard her breathing the words "Peace," "Jesus," and sometimes lines of hymns—one I remember, "So shall this night soon end in joyous day," from the hymn,

"Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismay'd :  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head."

In the evening, I told her I was writing to Mr Ross, who had begged to know how she was. I asked her "if she had any message?" when she said, "to send her kind love." I again asked, "Shall I tell him that you find Jesus all-sufficient now?" She immediately replied, "Oh yes, all-sufficient." She also gave me a text to send him in remembrance of her—"His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me" (Cant. ii. 6).

The thought that I must leave, ere long,  
My friends beloved, at times will grieve me;  
But this, even then, shall be my song—  
The Lord will never, never leave me.

Well mayst thou ask, O Friend Divine !  
"Am I thy God?—Dost thou believe me?"  
Lord, 'tis enough if Thou art mine—  
If Thou wilt never, never leave me.

Whither I go, my friends will come :  
Death will enrich, and not bereave me—  
Will waft me to that blessed home  
Where thou wilt never, never leave me.

From the rough passage shall I start,  
When there Thou waitest to receive me;  
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,  
And Thou wilt never, never leave me!

Thou'rt gone my mansion to prepare;  
Thou art the truth—canst Thou deceive me?  
Soon Thou wilt re-unite us there,  
Nor e'er forsake, nor ever leave me!

## CHAPTER XI.

Patience Sought—Intensity of Suffering—Flesh Fails, but is Sustained by Grace—Approach of Death Recognised and Welcomed—Early Death Early Glory—Everlasting Love Realised—All Clouds Dispersed—Farewells—Closing Scene—The End—Here ! There !

ON the 7th of January 1858, when Dr —— paid his evening visit, he found her pulse a degree stronger, which led us to fear that her sufferings might still be prolonged for some days ; although any strength which she had was not derived from nourishment she took, as she could retain no food, and we only moistened her mouth with ice occasionally. When I left her for the night, I told her to send if she wanted me at any time, and asked her, “If there was anything she wished me to ask for her?” She answered, “Patience, mamma.” One of her sisters and a servant sat up with her that night, which proved to be one of very great suffering, the paroxysms returning every hour, and lasting long, so that her intervals of ease were short indeed. During an agonising attack she cried out, “I cannot bear this, my head is bursting,” but immediately rejoined, “My grace is sufficient for thee,” and never again, during the many severe attacks she had, was heard to complain. About eight o’clock

on Friday morning, January 8, she said, "This has been a dreadful night; I did not think I should have had more to suffer, but I am quite willing." In a fit of exhaustion which soon followed, she thought death was near, and told her sister to call me; but upon hearing I had not had breakfast, she said, "Don't disturb mamma?" She asked her sister to take her hands, saying, "Will I pass gently through?" Her sister replied that "she hoped so, and that we would all pray that she might be gently taken." She then asked her sister not to leave her (one of the servants having begged her to go and get breakfast), saying, "The struggle will soon be over, the damps of death are on my brow." Her sister said, "You are very ill, but I don't think death is so very near." For a moment, Jessie looked disappointed, then said, "I have no wish—God knows best." Soon after, her next eldest sister came into the room, when she said to her, "Look at me now, ——; this is death;" then immediately added, "Jesus is near." "Underneath me are the everlasting arms." "Precious Jesus." She then said, "It has been a long night, but it will be a bright morning." Again, "Blessed prospect," adding with great emphasis, "Oh, what a prospect!" About the same time, she said again, "Oh, what a blessing there's nothing to be done! Jesus has done it all."

I went to her soon after nine A. M., and shall never forget the look of affectionate recognition that beamed from her sightless eyes as she caught the sound of my voice, saying, "There's mamma," and then, "Don't

leave me now; it won't be long." I told her I had come to remain with her, and would not again leave her. She said something, but the effort to command my feelings, so as not to distress her, prevented me remembering what either she or I said at that moment. She spoke less to me, however, than to any one else excepting her papa, (to whom, for the last two days of her life, she never trusted herself to speak,) from a fear, I thought, that by doing so, she would agitate me, and unfit me for remaining with her. She was drowsy in the early part of the day, between the fits of pain; but upon hearing her papa coming down stairs, she said, "There's papa, dear papa." I asked her if I should call him, when she said, "No, don't; just let him come or not as he wishes." He came into her room, and going forward to her bed, kissed her cheek; but she never spoke or appeared to notice him. Soon afterwards, Dr —— came in. She told him "she was very ill, and something prevented her swallowing," but added, "perhaps it is nervous." He told me, upon going to another room with him, that she was now sinking, and the feeling she complained of in her throat was paralysis of the nerves, which increased as the paroxysms came on, and prevented her from swallowing. He also told me, that if it had been any one else, he would have said she could not possibly live twenty-four hours; and as it was, he thought she would not linger longer. One of her sisters went into her room after hearing the Doctor's opinion, when Jessie eagerly asked her, "How long he thought she would

now live?" Her sister said, "Probably twenty-four hours." She at first seemed disappointed that it should be so long, but immediately expressed herself willing to wait God's time, and to suffer all His will. Upon hearing her sister weeping, she said, "Don't weep, —. You don't need to weep for me. I hope we shall all meet again: I have prayed earnestly that we may, and I hope (or think) we shall." Later in the day, to another of her sisters, whom she heard weeping as she was alluding to her approaching end, she addressed nearly the same words, adding, "Seek Jesus, and meet me in heaven."

When I returned to her after the Doctor had left, she called me to her and said, "Mamma, when I am gone, will you give M—— (her nurse) and her sister E—— each a copy of 'The Well-spring;' also J—— and A——?" (the servants). I told her I would do so. We were struck with the clearness of her mind in such a state of suffering and weakness, for she had, more than a year before, told them she would ask me to give them a book in remembrance of her. She also requested that a kind message might be given to a friend who had sent her a present of game. Indeed, during that day of dreadful suffering, nothing seemed forgotten by her, and her thoughts were evidently more of *our* feelings than *her own* sufferings. Once, when moaning sadly, she said, "Does that annoy you, mamma?" She continued very drowsy between the paroxysms all the forenoon, and spoke little; but when she was roused up, her mind was quite clear and



acute. Once she asked if there was any one excepting me in the room; and when I told her that the sister who had been her constant companion during the greater part of her school-life was sitting by, she put out her hand, saying, "Shake hands, ——;" upon which her sister stooped down and kissed her affectionately, which so overcame dear Jessie, that I thought it better to avoid making any allusion again to our approaching separation.

When this sister was sent a message out of the room immediately after, Jessie said to me, "Send her away now, mamma; I know she will feel to stay in my room now." She added, that she feared to hurt her feelings by saying it in her presence.

While in rather a drowsy state that forenoon, she said, "It's hard to die so young." She had longed so for death, that I felt startled at first, but soon said to her, "Dear Jessie, early death will be early glory." In the same drowsy sort of state she seemed to catch up the idea, and said (I thought), "Soon in immortality;" but the two first words were too inarticulate for me to be quite sure of them. She asked me to repeat the message I had given the previous evening to Mr Ross in my note, and upon my doing so, said "it was just as she wished." She asked if Mr Gillies had been, or sent to inquire for her. I told her he had been here when she was too ill to see him, and that he would hear of her from her aunts. We thought she seemed sometimes to be communing with herself, and heard her say, "I don't deserve this." Then, "Jesus is

near"—"Precious Jesus"—"Peace"—"Peace." Later in the day she saw her kind aunts, who were, in general, her daily visitors. To each separately she said she was dying, and that she felt quite happy. One of them remarked, "she was very patient," when she replied, "Oh no, do not say that." As they left her, she said, "Farewell, I'll meet you in heaven."

A young relative, to whom more than a year before she had spoken with much affection, and begged her to think of her soul's interests before a sick-bed came, next went into her room, when dear Jessie said to her, with much feeling, "I'm dying now, but I am quite happy; seek to meet me in heaven."

About an hour afterwards, she had her last interview with her friend Mrs —, who asked her, "If she was longing much to be gone?" (she had just expressed herself as if she thought death near). She replied, "I dare not think of it; I put it out of my mind, lest I should long too much, and then I know I'll not be taken yet." She said her favourite text that day was, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Mrs — then asked her for a text in remembrance of her, when she gave her, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). Mrs — then asked her, "Why she had been so reserved in expressing her feelings?"\* She said, "Lest I should say too much." Mrs — added, "Then, Jessie, do you feel more than

\* The heavenly sentiments Jessie was giving utterance to, drew this remark from her friend.

you express?" Her emphatic reply was, "Yes, a great deal." I went into the room at that moment, when Mrs —— told me of the text she had given her. I remarked that it had been fully verified in her own case, and that although there might have been occasional clouds and doubts rising in her mind, still what but the love of Christ had sustained her? Mrs —— said to her, "But you have no clouds now, Jessie?" She replied, "No, not a cloud—no clouds now." As Mrs —— left her, Jessie said, "If we don't meet again on earth, we'll meet in heaven."

To one of the servants who sat with her during dinner she said, "It will soon be over now, and I'll meet Mary soon," (alluding to the death of the servant's younger sister the summer before, which is noticed in the sixth chapter;) "I'll see her before you." She then again urged her to prepare for eternity, and said, "When you all come to heaven, I'll be there to welcome you;" and she repeated the hope, that she would meet all whom she loved again. I told her, upon my return to her room, that her brother would like to see her, if she felt able. She said, "She was quite ready to see him, only he might feel to see her now." When he came in, she welcomed him kindly, as she heard him approach her couch, but did not speak much beyond that; nor did she speak at all to her papa when he came in immediately after, and took her hand, and kissed her affectionately. He thought she did not know him; but it was evident to me the reason was rather, that she could not then trust herself to speak to him.

As the evening advanced, her suffering and weakness were extreme; but she looked so unlike any dying person I had ever seen, that I could not believe death was so near. The Doctor came in between eight and nine at night. She did not speak to him (the only visit she ever failed to do so), but pressed his hand as he took hers to feel her pulse. When I went with him to hear his opinion, he expressed fears that her sufferings were to end in convulsive fits, and, with his unremitting kindness, offered to stay all night; but we had had such a large share of his time, that I declined the offer, promising to send for him should any new symptom appear. When I went back to her, she called me and asked, "If the Doctor expected she would die to-night?" I said he thought it very likely that she would be taken away that night. She sweetly shut her eyes, as if to sleep, and very soon a violent attack came on, which contracted the muscles of one side of her head and face, lasting for three quarters of an hour or so. During the whole time she appeared quite collected, directing her sister and me where to put the cold applications; and when it passed off she asked me to give her her handkerchief to wipe her lips. I found she could not raise her hand to take it,—still I did not apprehend death; and when, in a few minutes, a slight paleness overspread her peaceful countenance, and she gave a gentle sigh, I could not be persuaded that her spirit had fled (although the rest of the family thought all was over), until the Doctor arrived, and announced to us that with that sigh her happy soul had winged its

flight from earth, and had reached its blessed home fully half-an-hour before his arrival. We had looked forward with such dread to the probability of severe sufferings at the last that our first impulse of feeling was unutterable thankfulness to God, who had so graciously heard our cry, and taken our loved one home so gently. All the sufferings that had so long racked the feeble body for ever at an end, and her ransomed spirit rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour who, by His own Spirit, had so drawn her heart to Himself, as to fill her with the longing desire "to depart and be with Him, which is far better!" It was not till the death-like stillness that pervaded the deserted chamber awoke in 'us the conviction that the beloved object, who had so long lain before us an example of patient gentleness and resignation, was now gone, and would soon be for ever removed from our sight—that the sense of our loss swept across our hearts, like a desolating storm, and we realised, in all its poignancy, the grief which those only can know into whose dwelling death has entered, and made the first breach in the family.

Thus peacefully did our beloved Jessie fall asleep in Jesus on the evening of the 8th January 1858, and on the 13th her remains were committed to the dust in — Cemetery. During that mournful day we frequently recurred to a hymn which she had very often repeated; once, when her sister said to her "that it seemed emblematic of herself," Jessie replied, "It was too flattering;" but added, "If it is permitted to the

spirits of the departed to think of what is passing upon earth, I shall think of you all as reading that hymn after I am gone." It so graphically portrays her own case, that it seems to me not an unsuitable conclusion to my narrative.

It is entitled,

HERE ! THERE !

Breaking hearts on earth—  
Joyful strains in heaven !  
There new joys have birth,  
And a new harp is given.  
Our blest one sweeps those golden strings,  
And to the praise of Him who saved her, sings.

Gloom on the hearth-stone here—  
Joy in the courts above !  
Another voice so clear  
Sings of redeeming love.  
Perhaps she watches now each falling tear,  
And thinks, "Oh, can they weep, when I'm so happy here !"

Mourn not, for she is safe—  
Safe from all grief and pain :  
The loss alone is ours,  
To her, all, ALL is gain.  
Her prayer is answer'd : "May my sufferings cease ;  
Lord, let Thy servant now depart in peace !"

Why flow our tears for such ?  
Calmly she stood the shock ;  
Though round her Jordan's waves,  
Her feet were on the Rock !  
That "Rock of Ages !" Oh ! 'mid racking pain,  
How of that Rock she murmur'd o'er and o'er again !

## HERE! THERE!

The cheerful, patient heart  
 Is still and pulseless now—  
 The humble, holy one  
 Hath glory round her brow.  
 She walks "that city brighter than the sun,"  
 On which her gaze seem'd fix'd ere yet her race was run.

Oh, mourning hearts, rejoice!  
 Oh, tearful eyes, be dry!  
 Look not upon the dust,  
 But turn your gaze on high.  
 The links are parting one by one,  
 Only to bind us nearer to the throne.

Not long have we to wait—  
 The summons soon will come,  
 Then all the parted ones  
 Will meet in yonder home.  
 Like her may ye, when all life's hopes prove dust,  
 Say, "Though He slay me, in Him is still my trust."

Ay! trust Him, mourning ones,  
 Whose anguish none may tell;  
 Cast all your care on Him  
 Who "doeth all things well."  
 Look unto Him for strength—for well you know  
 His power can dry the tears His hand has caused to flow.

THE END.









